Next Month

and later

THESE FEMINIZED UNITED STATES

Struthers Burt

Many people have insisted, some with joy, some amid lamentation, during recent years, that America is *the* land of lands for our friends the ladies. Here, they claim, all books are written for them, all magazines edited for them, all advertising directed at them, all money earned for them. The American male, they continue, conquers the world and dumps it in the lap of the Missus. Struthers Burt has pondered this theory and found it lousy. The American woman, he counters, frail reed that she is, is merely dazzled and bemused at being treated as an object of grave importance. She may think the world is in her lap but she may also grow tired, sometime, of playing goddess and find that things she badly wants have slipped away from her.

HOPE FOR THE FARMER

Russell Holt Peters

We have had a Farm Problem so long that it is difficult to pronounce the first word and refrain from following it with the second. The farmer's troubles have plagued presidents, bored city dwellers, and driven congressmen to suicide during three national administrations. An agricultural surplus is at the bottom of this mess. We tried to dump it on our neighbors, but they heaved it back at us. We got it out of sight by storing it, but it just stayed stored. We buried it in the ground, but that was a lot of work and made no money for anybody. We tried not growing it at all, but the Supreme Court slapped us on the wrist and said the Founding Fathers were somersaulting in their graves. Meanwhile the farmer has continued to go annually, quietly, and thoroughly broke. But there is another possibility. We can't eat it or sell it but maybe we can make the surplus into something else. Thanks to Henry Ford, the automobile industry is using increasing quantities of soybeans. A man named Herty thinks he can make paper and rayon out of slash pine. Cotton fiber may become of great importance as a binder in road building. And, finally, corn may someday supply an industrial-alcohol industry of huge proportions. There is hope for the farmer yet.

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VOL. XCVII — No. 4

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THE BOOK FORUM

Conducted by M. M. C.

THE NILE — Emil Ludwig (Viking, $5.00).
A JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM — St. John Ervine (Macmillan, $3.50).
THE LIFE OF JESUS — François Mauriac (Longmans, Green, $2.50).
SOUTH TO SAMARKAND — Ethel Mannin (Dutton, $3.50).
SOMETHING OF MYSELF — Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50).
GREAT TRADE ROUTE — Ford Madox Ford (Oxford, $3.00).
ARMY WITHOUT BANNERS — Ernie O'Malley (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50).
THE AMAZING FREDERIC — Gertrude Slaughter (Macmillan, $3.50).
PARADISE — Esther Forbes (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).
SPANISH PRELUDE — Jenny Ballou (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50).
THE ISLANDS OF IRELAND — Thomas Mason (Scribner, $4.50).

THE best books continue to be on the nonfiction list — travel books and historical biography. And the best of these is Emil Ludwig's *The Nile: the Life Story of a River* which is both a travel book and a sort of legendary biography. This river, a maker of civilization and history, fable and romance, came on this biographer of great men with an enormous and living impact.

Like so many civilized things the river is attached to the Mediterranean at one point, and its biographer goes back to its source, tells us about the life along its course — vegetable, animal, and human, relating history, legend, and tradition. The Blue Nile flows into the main Nile, and it is made up of rains that come on winds whose ocean moisture mixed with jungle moisture strikes against the volcanic mountains of Abyssinia. Then, beside the river are the habitats of antediluvian animals — crocodiles, hippos, elephants. Emil Ludwig must have marvelous eyes, for he saw trees and birds and flowers at the Nile's source in such a way that his description of them is unforgettable — hundreds of objects are composed into a picture that is immense but never bewildering in its detail; he can describe anything, strongly, sharply, memorably, whether it is a herd of elephants, an ancient Egyptian statue, or a modern power house. The English translation is a distinguished piece of prose with a rhythm of its own.

WHILE one feels that the German biographer has almost been made over by his adventures with the Nile and its history, St. John Ervine's prepossessions seem to have rendered him almost proof against being unduly impressed by his journey to Jerusalem and by his sight of the cities of Palestine. The author of *A Journey to Jerusalem* has an active, sturdy, rationalist mind, and he doesn't hold with having much to do with the mythical, the legendary, and the supernatural; so when he writes about Jesus's mission, about Mary's relation with her son, about Paul's doctrines, it all becomes completely secular. Those who relish a shrewd, competent, and intelligent account of a journey to historic places, with a good deal of debunking on the way, will like *A Journey to Jerusalem.*

A BOOK that is written in the opposite temper from St. John Ervine's secular one is the curious *Life of Jesus* by the French novelist François Mauriac. The author has that type of mind so detestable to some readers, so fascinating to others, the mixed Puritan and sensualist. The book is intended to be a very devout account of Christ as God and as man, "the most moving of the great figures of history . . . the least logical because he is the most living." It is written with a sort of hysterical vigor, and some passages give the thrill of a new revelation, as when he tackles bits of the Gospels skimmed over by the usual commentators.

On the whole, Mauriac puts a too personal-minded construction on well-known Gospel characters, especially on Mary Magdalen, the woman caught in adultery, and the woman of Samaria. Of the seven deadly sins, the ones that interest him most are lust and gluttony, and he is inclined to write of every figure except Christ in terms of these. He writes of the spirit in the language of the flesh, as, for example: "John the Baptist tasted joy at last and knew the Being before whom he had trod on earth; and he possessed him. . . . He, infinite Purity . . . was none the less incarnate desire, since he was incarnate love. He violently desired the soul of this woman."

Like the thorough Puritan sensualist he is, Mauriac gets in contemptuous comments on women from time to time and is sure that among all sinners women are the least likely to understand the Gospels. Some of that hysterical Jansenism which once had such great power in France flows through this life of Jesus. It is, for all that, a lively narrative, and many will share the author's impatience with what scholars have made of the Gospels.

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The Book Forum

To return to travel books: Ethel Mannin's *South to Samarkand* is a varied, sharp-edged, and quite topical book. She travels with another woman, and on the way to Samarkand they go through all the Soviet territory and appraise the socialist state. The author is frankly with the Soviets; she considers that a failure in Russia would be a major disaster for the human race. Nevertheless, she is very critical of much that is being done; she is sick of Soviet promises; she detests Stalin's policy of industrializing the people of the steppes, turning nomads into human robots. She is certain that calling a bureaucrat "tovarisch" does not turn him into a brother. But at last she and her friend get to Samarkand, with its shining turrets and arches built by Tamerlane and with its memorial to Tamerlane's favorite wife: this, ringed round with filth at the bottom, rises to be one of the loveliest sights of the world. There is a certain sourness in the way Ethel Mannin writes, but this gives a tang to her narrative. She goes to Samarkand as a realist and succeeds in making the city something to dream about.

Rudyard Kipling's *Something of Myself* is an autobiography that is better named than we realized at the outset of reading it. For it is not really an autobiography but a part of one, only "something" of the author. It is the autobiography of Kipling the writing man. Magnificently it opens with daybreak, "light, and color and golden and purple fruit at the level of my shoulders," and the "menacing dark of tropical eventides" and then the childhood years in England where hardships were encountered but where William Morris was "Uncle Topsy." Surely no writer ever had more fortunate beginnings. And Kipling reveals what hard labor he put in to realize those golden beginnings in terms of literary production.

And yet, for all the splendor of its beginning, for all the effort which we know resulted in unforgettable books, this book is disappointing, and it is disappointing because it shows us nothing of the man who must have felt much mystery in his life — the mystery of creation, the mystery and poignancy of relation with other human beings. The mind of Kipling as it comes through these pages is the mind of an intelligent and well-read administrator; the values that this great writer seemed to live by are the values that the highly placed imperial official cherishes. But *Something of Myself* is still a revealing book — it reveals the times Rudyard Kipling lived through in such various ways and the notables he so intimately knew; and it is written with the verve that is the sign manual of Kipling's best work.

Ford Madox Ford's *Great Trade Route* is about the ideas, the sentiments, the fantasies that places evoke. The theme of this book is the recollection of the ancient trade route that ran along the 40th north parallel, beginning at Pekin, passing through Samarkand and Constantinople, going on to west Europe, and bending up to the Cornwall of King Arthur. Ford extends the route to take in Washington and Virginia, which are on the same parallel.

The fascinating thing about this book is that there is no argument in it, only a myth — the myth of the merchants of the Age of Gold setting out from Pekin with their treasures of art and culture, giving the barbarians pottery and looms, music and religion, stories and rituals. As we go on the route with Ford Madox Ford we realize that we belong to a very old civilization and as we read we feel a pride in the human race. The book is mainly an intellectual journey. It is discursive as all Ford Madox Ford's books are, but it is Ford at his best; he dispenses reminiscences, fantasy, poetry, wisdom.

There is never a month now without a book dealing with war in some size or shape, and, while *Army Without Banners* is written about a war that seems a trifle overexploited in books (the guerilla warfare in Ireland), nevertheless the author, Ernie O'Malley, has managed to write excitingly and even beautifully of it. It is an account of a youth who lived dangerously and violently and who moved in warfare through a country parts of which are still as primitive as in the times of the sagas and amongst people whose simple intensity of life is their great quality. With the thoughts and vision of a poet, O'Malley fought as a duty and never exactly because he liked it, and he notes with astonishment how fiery and enthusiastic for the fighting the women were. O'Malley had to give orders for the execution of a batch of British officers, men whom he liked and who accepted their doom as soldiers. The account he gives of this episode is poignant. The behavior of these officers as they walked quietly with him and the quartermaster, after a sleepless night, to face the firing squad is an experience that, as we read it, we feel that the writer will never get over. *Army Without Banners* is written with extraordinary immediacy; it is the work of a real writer whose mind has been oriented by taking part in a hard school of action.

Even yet history seems to be filled with figures that biographers can write finely about. Gertrude Slaughter in *The Amazing Frederic* has got hold of a wonderful figure in that king of Sicily and head of the empire whom Dante put in

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The Book Forum

hell — reluctantly, we might say, for he was a good friend to the poets.

Stupor Mundi, Wonder of the World, was what his contemporaries called this Frederic. An admired King like Francis I seems mediocre and vulgar in comparison with this free, versatile, and creative mind. Here was a leader of a crusade who took the Sepulchre but gave the Moslems the right to the outer places and proclaimed religious freedom for all. What a pity that all he tried to do for human freedom was either misunderstood by his contemporaries or overthrown by those who came after him. He was forced to carry on long wars with the Papacy, for the popes did not understand his idea of making a balance between the empire and the Papacy and thought he was merely bent on degrading the spiritual power.

Frederic anticipated two movements that were still a long way ahead of his time: the Renaissance and the Reformation — as far as the Reformation meant the rise of a national state outside the Roman polity. He was a Renaissance prince without the ferocity of the Renaissance princes; he encouraged poets, wrote poems himself, collected Greek statues, wrote a book on birds which he illustrated, discussed philosophy with Arabian sages whose language he understood. It is a delight to read Gertrude Slaughter's excellent biography of this glorious personage: there are no purple passages in her writing, and she makes no attempt to impose present-day ideologies on the thirteenth century; she writes history without romanticizing it unduly.

IT was impossible, perhaps, to fail to make the thirteenth century exciting. Esther Forbes in *Paradise*, though she subtitles her book a historical romance, is not able to get much high romance into her narrative of the founding of a New England settlement. The New Englanders, maybe, were not a romantic people, and no matter what any writer since Hawthorne does with them they seem a little everyday. But as a chronicle of the early colonies *Paradise* has a unique kind of interest. The author has soaked herself in early New England history and in this novel she has been able to reconstruct the whole of that early life; she knows about everything, from bundling to branding; she is familiar with every vessel that was used, every dish that was served, every occupation in the lives of the early Puritan settlers.

Miss Forbes lets us see sympathetically the strain of people adapting themselves to a new land. Hers are people of energy and will, without fantasy, without piety, and full of loneliness as settlers in new lands are likely to be. There is a scene of the branding of two lovers on Boston Common — with the parson trying to soften the crowd by reading the story of the woman taken in adultery and with the crowd determined to have the show go on — that reads as if it had been actually witnessed. This quality of actuality shown in all the important scenes is the outstanding quality of *Paradise*.

IT is difficult to decide whether to call *Spanish Prelude*, by Jenny Ballou, a novel or a collection of reminiscent sketches with a dash of fiction — a minor work of the order of George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*. It is rather casually written around actual people, some of whom, like Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset, King Alphonso and Primo de Rivera, are world-known. What the author shows us is the disoriented life that always seems to precede revolution: the people we meet in cafés, in clubs, in concert halls and trains are all at loose ends; they have lost conviction about their personal and national lives and are bound to succumb to brute pressure from either Right or Left. *Spanish Prelude* is about a handful of characters picked up here and there, about places, about exteriors and interiors casually visited, and yet it succeeds in making us feel the malaise and forepains of a revolution: so it must have been in Paris in 1789 and in St. Petersburg in 1916. It is a brightly written and disquieting book.

IT is a far cry from the disquietude of revolutions to the tranquillity and old-worldness of *The Islands of Ireland*, by Thomas Mason: to islands where there actually are people who have never heard of the World War and to whom their own revolution of 1916 is assimilated to a thousand-year-old legend. This book, though amateurishly written and without any approach to the sort of character that Synge gives us in his Aran Islands and Blaskets, is yet an attractive and even absorbing account of the Celtic population of the Irish islands and its way of life.

These still vigorous descendants of a once cultivated and aristocratic people are given to talking of Ireland as if she were a foreign country. The islands, as the numerous and interesting photographs show, have not changed much in a thousand years or so. The island of Innishmurray has no roads, no police, no clergy, no doctor, no shops; and the people refuse to pay taxes. But it has plenty of cursing stones on which you can maledict your enemies, as was done in Druidic times, by turning a stone countersunwise. This island has been raided twice in its history: once by the Vikings in 802 and by the British in 1921 — otherwise its existence has been peaceful. Both raids are now part of the island folklore. In the stony islands of Aran the people manufacture land by carrying clay and seaweed to the rocks,

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News of New Books

and on this, with infinite labor, manage to grow crops. The Blaskets have produced a crop of writers in Irish. Aran has produced Liam O'Flaherty.

(Beginning on page 230, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.)

THE ULTIMATE POWER — Morris Ernst (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00).

THE NINE OLD MEN — Drew Pearson & Robert S. Allen (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00).

MODERN POLITICS AND ADMINISTRATION — Marshall E. Dimock (American Book, $3.00).

AMERICA: A RE-APPRAISAL — Harold E. Stearns (Hillman-Curl, $3.00).

FIFTY MILLION BROTHERS — Charles W. Ferguson (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00).

HERE'S TO CRIME — Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little, Brown, $2.75).

NEWS of New Books

(Courtesy *The Publisher's Weekly*)

Angels in Undress, by Mark Benney (Random House, $2.50). A best seller in London, this is the autobiography of a product of London slums — the son of a prostitute, who has just completed a three-year sentence for burglary.

Land of Tomorrow, by Shirley Seifert (Mill, $2.50). This is a first novel by a successful magazine story writer. It is the history of a Kentucky family from pioneer days to the present.

Fountains of Youth, by Dormer Creston (Dutton, $3.00). A biography of Marie Bashkirtseff, by the author of *Andromeda in Wimpole Street.*

Peruvian Pageant, by Blair Niles (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). A study of Peru, past and present, illustrated with photographs.

Not to Be Broadcast, by Ruth Brindze (Vanguard, $2.50). Radio's domination over many phases of our national life.

Gallows Hill, by Frances Winwar (Holt, $2.50). A historical novel of witch-hunting Salem, by the author of *Poor Splendid Wings.*

This Life I've Loved, by Isobel Field (Longmans, Green, $3.00). The autobiography of Robert Louis Stevenson's stepdaughter.

Very Heaven, by Richard Aldington (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A novel concerned with the problems of the new generation in a world of changing values.

We Are Not Alone, by James Hilton (Little, Brown, $2.00). The author's first book since *Good-Bye, Mr. Chips* and different in theme and mood from his others.

Theatre, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). This novel is an examination of the life and personality of a great British actress.

Of Mice and Men, by John Steinbeck (Covici, Friede, $2.00). A short novel dealing chiefly with two ranch hands, by an author who received much acclaim for his last two books.

The Revolution Betrayed, by Leon Trotzky (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A bitter indictment of Stalin as the betrayer of the Bolshevist revolution.

The Outward Room, by Millen Brand (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). A first novel, dealing with a woman's fight against insanity.

Away from It All, by Cedric Belfrage (Simon & Schuster, $3.00). A journey around the world, subtitled "The Journal of an Escapologist."

The Old Bunch, by Meyer Levin (Viking, $2.75). A novel of young people in Chicago, from the World War to the Century of Progress.

The Laurels Are Cut Down, by Archie Binns (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50). The author of *Lightship* writes a story of pioneer days in the northwest.

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F O R U M

and Century

APRIL, 1937 VOL. XCVII, NO. 4

Catching Up with Ecuador

Editorial Foreword

APPARENTLY we have emerged from a dispute in the motor industry, which kept 100,000 men out of work for more than a month, without the loss of a single life. This in itself is a source of satisfaction and is owing in large part to the stubborn patience of Governor Murphy of Michigan. The settlement of labor disputes has advanced since the 'seventies, when my father served in the National Guard of Pennsylvania and saw men shot down as in war.

The prolonged dispute in Michigan, however, shows that our system of settling labor troubles is still relatively clumsy. A strike in a modern state should be an anachronism. In England or in Denmark our latest dispute would have been settled without a sit-down by a perpetual council or tribunal aided by a government conciliator representing the public interest. In those countries, of course, labor is highly organized, and the unions are held quite as responsible to the public as are the corporations. "It is deplorable," declared Circuit Judge Gadola in Michigan recently, "that in this country, and with the respect for law and order in our institutions that prevail, that it should become necessary to have conditions exist as they are." In other words the rules by which the economic hold-up in Michigan was played were inadequate. In fact there were no rules.

One moral that appears out of this confusion is that we need to be aware of what other countries have done to take care of changing economic conditions. We need to become planet-minded as well as nation-minded.

THE GENEVA LABOR REPORT

THERE IS one international document which every American should read. That is the annual report of the International Labor Conference of the League of Nations at Geneva. This fascinating and comprehensive review of world economics relates to each nation the experience of all other nations that contribute to the backwardness or the progress of our little planet. In this Geneva Labor Report we can observe a managed currency working smoothly in Sweden long before we attempted it over here. Unemployment insurance, so new to us, is an old story in England. Crop control, about which we are so excited, is being quietly practiced in one form or another in Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, France, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Cuba, Uruguay, Germany, and Great Britain.

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In reading this survey from the Geneva labor organization we realize that the great depression was a world depression. Many nations had begun to climb out of it by one means or another before the tide turned upward in the United States. By the end of 1935 world industrial production as compared to 1929 had already advanced to 107 per cent. Yet in the United States industrial production was still under 80 per cent, whereas in Great Britain and Sweden it was slightly above par and in Japan 140 per cent! Chile, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Hungary, Norway, and Rumania had also surpassed their 1929 production.

The Geneva report lays down no categorical recommendations except the inference that international trade promotes national welfare better than does isolation and that the new techniques of higher prices, of government spending, of social insurance, of shorter hours seem so far to be beneficial.

Geneva's attitude is one of hopeful questioning. "Is the present world recovery real or is it merely a technical rise aided by the manufacture of munitions before another holocaust or world war? Is something like solid prosperity once more rising like the sun of a new day over the horizon, or is the checkered and uncertain progress so far achieved illusory and unsound, destined to be succeeded by relapse into the slough of poverty and unemployment? . . . As the result of the collapse of the old system in 1929, are we beginning to grasp the essential principles on which the future well-being of mankind must be constructed?"

The Geneva Labor Report maintains that throughout the world the notion has penetrated the nations that the real test of economic recovery is the level of social well-being. Added to this is the growing conviction that business activity depends on the volume of spending. The extension of social services aids business far more than it embarrasses business with taxes. With this in view many governments other than that of the United States fought the depression by setting up public works which have increased spending. Australia, for example, has pursued a vigorous public-works program to which is credited a large measure of the economic rebound on that distant continent. "If the world's wealth were rationally exploited and distributed, there is no reason to suppose that all its inhabitants of working age could not be fully employed or that they could not enjoy a better standard of life than now obtains over large areas of all the five continents."

Sweden is of course the outstanding example of a balanced economy, with, on the one hand, consumption regulated by the co-operative societies and, on the other, a flexible monetary control by the government and public works on a generous scale. State encouragement of housing was helped in Sweden by a popular demand for better homes arising from widespread purchasing power. Private business — which in Sweden is very practical and welcomes any innovation without political prejudice or calling it "communism," provided it will prove out — has bravely played along with the government program. "It is particularly interesting to note," says the report, "that, thanks to the energetic measures taken by the Government, the number of youthful unemployed (16–25 years), which was 57,000 in November 1933, had dropped to 10,000 in July 1935."

Sweden today stands out clean on the world horizon, with new homes, representing a higher scale of comfort than before the depression, and with a new complement of beautiful public buildings. Comfort for our own American "orgy of spending" may be read in the outcome of the Swedish federal budget. "In 1936," says the Geneva report, "all non-revenue-producing works are to be financed out of income, the budget will be once more balanced and all the short-term loans raised in 1933 and 1934 for emergency public works are to be redeemed. It is even proposed to reduce the income tax!"

Meanwhile social insurance is seeping into the most outlying countries. The Irish Free State has adopted a law establishing compulsory life insurance for all wage earners. Ecuador has set up a national institute charged with bringing into operation compulsory insurance against accidents, sickness, and old age. Hours of labor are being cut in many countries, Italy is now definitely on a 40-hour week. Percentagewise, of course, the standard of living has risen more rapidly in the Soviet Union than in any other nation. Industrial production there has doubled in four years.

Henry Goddard Leach

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A Priest Warns the Church

***Peter Whiffin is the pen name of the outspoken author of this article—a Catholic missionary, who took up writing during convalescence from a recent severe illness. Other articles of his relating to the Church have been published in* The Commonweal *and in* The Catholic World.**

***by* PETER WHIFFIN**

As a priest for many years, I long ago became accustomed to curious inspection by the populace whenever I was so incautious as to appear in public like an ordinary citizen. I was initiated into this ordeal soon after my ordination when a brat on the lower east side of New York ran to his mother at my approach, screaming, "Mama! Look at the man with his collar on backwards!"

This ritual of inspection, as though a priest were something newly wandered from the zoo, takes all forms, from thinly veiled hostility to a kind of awed reverence. Only once have I been constrained to protest against it. On this occasion a subnormal-looking individual sat opposite me one night in a subway car and stared bug-eyed at me from 14th Street to City Hall. At last I rose, went over to him, and asked, with what restraint I could muster, "What the hell do I look like — a museum piece?" But, up to now, I must admit I have felt that the public's attention was generally more flattering and friendly than otherwise.

Recently, however, I have begun to sense a different sort of temper in the public's attitude toward me and my clerical collar. Where, heretofore, people on the whole were, if not friendly, at least decently indifferent, now there often seems to be a subdued antagonism in their regard. Even the faithful appear to be affected by a growing indifference. Is this imagination on my part? Not at all. Lots of priests confess that they sense the same veiled hostility. Many of us realize that during the past few years we have somehow lost much prestige and not a little respect. But the pity of it is that so few of us seem ready to admit or even to understand that, if anticlericalism is growing in America, it is our own damned fault.

Many priests, of course, blame everything antireligious on Russian communism, but that's just trying to pass the buck. Russian communism began in Russia and ends there. If communism grows in America, it will be not Russian communism but American communism and it will win out, if at all, not because of Russian propaganda but only because America has furnished the same sort of rotten forcing bed that Russia did. Priests here or anywhere else who try to blame Russia for anticlericalism at home only make themselves appear the guiltier.

Thus, for example, when Cardinal Baudrillart of the Institut Catholique blames the present situation in Spain on "sixty Russians who three years ago crossed the Pyrenees to act in Spain as agents executing the orders received from Moscow to set fire to churches and monasteries, to plunder them, to commit sacrilegious acts, and by these actions teach the Spaniards to do likewise," he succeeds only in making a most damning indictment of the Spanish Church and clergy. For, if 60 Russians in three years could overturn the entire Spanish Church, after all her centuries of domination, with all her thousands of priests and religious, with all her millions of Catholics, and with all her power and organization and wealth — and overturn her so completely that she needed a counterrevolution and thousands of black soldiers and the substantial help of Italy and Germany to put her back on her feet — then surely there must have been something very foul about the Spanish Church. There is no other explanation.

The real explanation for the Spanish mess was given by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., in *Columbia* for last September, and I quote from it because the reason he gives for the rise of anticlericalism in Spain can be applied to any country where anticlericalism has appeared; it gives us a clue to the reason for our loss of prestige in America.

Says Father Parsons:

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The great tragedy of Spain was that in the nineteenth century the working masses apostatized from the Church. . . . And, it is well to remember, it was poverty, destitution, and injustice which made them apostatize. They got to hate the Church because they hated the friends of the Church, who exploited them and whom the Church did nothing to rebuke or correct. . . . If all that had not been so, the poor would today be fighting on the Church's side, instead of against it; or rather, the leaders of the poor would never have got them to join the revolutionary forces in the first place. The terrible and tragic story of Spain is a fearful lesson for the rest of us.

We priests will do well to forget the fairy tale that makes Russian communism take the blame for the troubles of our Church. The Church endured fierce attacks of anticlericalism many centuries before Russian communism was dreamed of. She has endured greater revolts than the one in Spain today; and she will doubtless know such periodic recurrences of anticlerical feeling so long as she endures, simply because her clergy are ordinary human beings who are often tempted, by the wealth and power that religion brings to them, to throw in their lot with the powers of this world, allying themselves with the oppressors and exploiters of the poor rather than with the working masses they are supposed to protect. Thus the clergy earns for itself and the Church an equal fate with the other mighty, when the day of reckoning with the masses appears.

This is the story of the Church that has been re-enacted all through the centuries. It was exemplified by the alliance of Church and state, in the misnamed Holy Roman Empire, that led to the Reformation. It was illustrated again in pre-War Russia, where the czar was the real head of the Russian Church. In Mexico, Church and state were for long so closely knit that when the priest Morelos, in 1821, revolted against the throne he was condemned to death as a "traitor to God, the King, and the Pope." In Spain, monarchy and clergy were practically one for many hundreds of years. But, whereas in earlier times those who rebelled against the Church turned to some other form of Christianity, now they are becoming atheists, disgusted with religion entirely because the priests who for them symbolized all religion betrayed them so cruelly.

II

But what about our own country? Has the Church here been repeating the sad story of the centuries? Has wealth here made the Church worldly, too? Have we priests been getting away from the working poor and casting in our lot more and more with the ruling powers of big business and politics in America? And are we losing caste with the masses of our people? I think we must answer an emphatic yes to each of these questions.

Listen. A few weeks ago I was talking with an old pastor in his rectory attached to a big church in downtown New York. "Father," he said, "the Church in this country has come upon sad days. And by sad days I mean simply that the poor no longer ring our doorbells."

Ah, and why don't the poor ring our doorbells? For the answer to that question we must look at just a little of the story of the Church in America. The story itself is brief, but it is bursting with activity and growth.

A typical illustration of that growth is the career of a priest well-known today in the diocese of Brooklyn. As a young clergyman he bought, through his bishop, a tract of land in Flatbush inhabited mostly by squatters and their goats. For a while his church was a tent. Today he is a rich pastor in a flourishing community. He has a magnificent church and rectory, a big school and convent, all practically free from debt. And his real-estate holdings alone enable him to live as an independently wealthy gentleman, with a flock of curates to take care of his parish affairs.

Just as quickly as this did the whole Church in America mushroom to enormous proportions. And why not? If Mary Baker Eddy and Aimee Semple McPherson and Billy Sunday could make fortunes in religion, why shouldn't the Catholic clergy make incomparably more, with the vast organization of the Church behind it, her experience to guide it, and millions of Catholic immigrants to implement it?

But the very suddenness of the Church's growth to wealth and power was her undoing. Her clergymen, for the most part used to poverty and in earlier days not too well educated, all at once found themselves men of money and importance. Businessmen cultivated their acquaintance, gave them big loans at reduced rates of interest, advised them about their investments, gave them clerical tickets on their railroads. Politicians flattered them, consulted them about appointments, and got them all sorts of favors. And soon the poor priests,

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swelled with the sense of their new importance and proud of their rich friends, forgot that it was the money of the poor which had made them important, forgot that big business and politics might be smothering the Church with favors only to make it more difficult for her to cry out against them in their exploitation of the masses.

Of course, during these years, the clergy preached its pale, scholarly sermons about the encyclicals of the popes. Priests talked about moral principles of justice, but they did not become imprudently specific about concrete cases of injustice. They railed against sins like birth control, without attacking the economic abuses that were causing these sins. They preached mealy-mouthed homilies about how blessed are the poor in being chosen to carry the cross of poverty and suffering: of such is the kingdom of heaven — while making sure, as a class, that meanwhile they themselves had plenty of the kingdom of this world.

III

So the Church in America grew and waxed fat along with her friendly bankers and politicians, until the golden days of Coolidge saw her really hit the high spots of finance. Those were the years during which money was pouring into her coffers so rapidly that even she didn't know what to do about it. Then it was that the clergy got the fever of speculation along with the rest of the country, bought stocks on margin, watched money double overnight, and sat back with the others to chortle, "How long has this been going on?" One notable example of the clergy's investment genius was the famous case of the eight-per-cent bonds peddled by an enterprising Catholic gentleman now residing in Sing Sing. Millions of dollars were paid for these worthless engravings by bishops and heads of religious orders in just a few of our eastern states alone. They never did get the money back.

During these days, too, dioceses began to undertake vast building projects. Pastors erected grand rectories with all sorts of luxurious furnishings. Not a few, dying, left to relatives huge fortunes which might well have made the poor gasp among themselves, "There goes my five cents and your five cents." The new seminary of the diocese of Brooklyn was provided with individual shower baths for each student's room. A bishop from China traveling in our country spoke with feeling about some American bishops and their gold telephones. Prelates carried many millions of dollars annually to Rome, buying for themselves and their favorites political preferments and powers and dignities. Cardinal O'Connell in 1928 was the biggest single taxpayer in all Boston, on his own personal holdings. And the famous Red Train rolled majestically into Chicago, carrying cardinals of the Church to the eucharistic congress put on by Cardinal Mundelein with all the lavishness of a Billy Rose Superspectacle.

Even poor religious orders vied with one another in great expansion programs. One, supposed to be the poorest of the poor, erected two new million-dollar monasteries in the east within the space of a few years. Congregations of priests, nuns, and brothers were buying so many millionaires' estates and purchasing so much property, especially in Westchester and adjoining counties of New York State, that Governor Smith warned Cardinal Hayes that unless their buying were stopped a citizenry already overburdened by tax-exempt Church property might revolt.

Of course a little money did trickle down to our Catholic poor through the red tape of societies like that of St. Vincent de Paul, but it was doled out very carefully so that the poor wouldn't be spoiled or get the idea that the Church was just a soft touch. As for the poverty and misery and hopelessness among the non-Catholic poor around us, why, let their own look out for them. Of course we did give millions to the foreign missions, but that was because the foreign missions paid big dividends to us. You see, we had found out that there is a glamour about young men and women who leave home to spread the faith in pagan lands — a glamour lamentably lacking in those who just take off their coats to tackle dirt and disease and poverty here at home. The thought of these poor foreign missionaries facing hardships and possible martyrdom (in reality most of them live better than many of their brethren at home) always brings tears to the eyes of the faithful and money from their pockets, money from which we at home take a generous portion before we send it across the seas. That's why we can send millions to China and Africa while overlooking entirely our social jungles just across the tracks. We're interested in charity,

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all right, when it pays dividends to us.

The Church in America was riding high, wide, and handsome during the golden days before 1929. We priests were popular with big business. Why not? Weren't we among the best customers? And we were powerful enough to make the politicians consult us, at least in local political affairs, wherever the Catholic vote was strong, as, for instance, in New York, where the Cardinal's residence has long been known among politicians by the significant name of the Power House. In fine, we priests were growing richer and stronger every day — and the poor had not yet got wise to us.

Ah, but came October of 1929, and the sickening financial debacle that buried us with the rest of the nation under a sudden and tremendous mass of debts and obligations. The golden years were over.

One picture of those days just after the crack-up remains with me as a vivid and typical illustration of what was happening on every side among Catholic clergy and religious. In 1930 I was giving a series of religious exercises at a select Catholic girls' high school in New Jersey. A million-dollar building for which the nuns had contracted during the lush days of 1928 had just been completed. In those earlier times the good sisters had looked forward to enrolling at least 300 pupils from wealthy Catholic families and had faced their enormous debt with few misgivings. When I visited them, there were just 40 pupils in the magnificent building, most of them scarcely able to pay their tuition, and the nuns were frantic with the worry of trying to raise their million dollars.

IV

If only we priests had realized it, the crash of 1929 might have been a tremendous blessing in disguise for us. It could have opened our eyes to the fact that the very economic abuses against which we had failed to cry out and in which we had been mixed up, had caught us, along with our rich friends. It could have helped to clear our minds and hearts of the fever for getting money and power, which had so long possessed us. It might have made us get back to making religion a blessed means of living for the poor instead of a commercialized racket for living *off* the poor.

If only, after the debacle, we had gone down with the masses who had been so good to us and whom we had betrayed by not crying out against the abuses of big business and politics. If only we had tried then, in the poor's hour of direst need, to pay for all that the poor had done for us — even if it meant giving all we owned. Well, if we had done that, there would be little heard about atheistic communism in America today. You can't make atheists out of men and women whose priest has come to them in their day of need to share what he was able with them. We should have won the respect of the rich and the hearts of the poor for generations to come — *if*.

During those black days of depression, we might have built up a race of real priests, men who would have grown strong in the virtue of charity because they were accustomed to its exercise, priests who could withstand the empty oratory of the street-corner atheist with the fullness of their charitable deeds, men who could have found in the joy of being a real priest far more happiness than they find today on the golf course, in their cars, on their vacation trips, or in the long, empty, lazy hours in their forgotten rectories.

But we missed our grand chance completely. We had become too selfish to think about the poor. We were frantic only for ourselves, sorrowing over what we had lost and thinking only of how we might get it back. We had tasted the fleshpots of wealth and power and we yearned after them again, so that in this all-important crisis we chose to turn our faces from the poor and concentrate on getting back to where we had been before.

There were, of course, a few charity drives, managed mostly by laymen; some monastery breadlines, oversubsidized by the laity; and a comparatively infinitesimal trickle of money to the poor from ecclesiastical collections. But, as a class, we priests did not really sacrifice anything for the poor, even during the worst years of national suffering. We ate as well as ever and we lived as fully. We still had our cars

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and took our trips and played our golf. And, for the most part, we let the poor look for charity to the government, while more and more we figured out schemes to recover our own losses, with special appeals from the pulpit, with euchres and bazaars, with benefits and dunning letters, and finally with campaigns and drives engineered by professional promoters who shared heavily in the proceeds. Even our church services were measured by the amount of money they might produce, so that a standing joke which missionaries frequently heard from pastors was, "Well, I tossed up a coin to see which would make the more money, a euchre or a mission, and the mission won." Priests, too, were measured by their success as money getters, and a typical command from one bishop to his pastors was, "If you can't get money, I'll put someone in your place who can." One especially inglorious method of making money was by means of the new novena devotions to some popular saint, like the Little Flower, which sprang up suddenly on all sides and in which the *pièce de résistance* was a fragment of dead bone known as a relic. Ah, how we played up these devotions and these new "miracle saints," and how the faithful flocked to them in droves and left their money behind, hoping that by the application of the relic to their persons any miracle that they requested might be effected. One poor girl told me that she went to these relic devotions every week, praying and hoping that her bowlegs and those of her "boy friend" might "get straightened out." I never learned whether or not the double miracle occurred.

I recall one monastery particularly that carried on these devotions. When I was younger I had known it as a place of sanctity and dignity and peace. I visited it one night when its weekly relic devotions were in progress. Police were trying to keep thousands of people in line outside the church, and inside was a bedlam; the huge organ pounding away like mad; the aisles jammed with a jostling press of men, women, and children; banana peels and old newspapers littering the pews; the monks of the sanctuary running up and down along the railing, pressing the relics to the bodies of the thousands who thronged past. Only sawdust in the aisles was needed for a circus. I went into the sacristy after the services and saw the monks lugging the huge money boxes and scrambling down on their knees as the money poured out of them and I wondered if any miracles could compensate for what they and their monastery had lost. It seemed to me a vivid picture of what was going on in the Church throughout the world.

V

In one way and another, we priests, most of us, did get out of our financial difficulties. We proved that religion could be made a paying business, even during a money depression. We emerged from the years of suffering with even more material possessions than we had enjoyed before — only somewhere in the interim we lost, as a class, the soul of the priesthood, which is charity. Sometime, during the days after 1929, we lost whatever we had kept of the confidence of the poor. Somehow the poor began to sense that we had become businessmen rather than priests, men with hard heads and little sentiment, interested in getting money but not in giving it away. In fine, they learned that we were fools for nobody, not even for Christ. And they stopped ringing our doorbells.

Thus today we priests as a class are discredited men, men who have lost the trust and confidence of the great masses of our people simply because we have proved ourselves insincere. The non-Catholic poor have no use for us, because we have never done anything for them, despite our fine preachings of the fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man. The Catholic poor have lost faith in us, because they have seen us sitting in our fine rectories, eating and drinking of the best and living on the whole as fine gentlemen, unmoved by any suffering and starvation that might, if we looked from our curtained windows, be around us and saying to the miserable faithful, "We know that you and your fathers have taken care of us for generations. But don't come to us for help. That's the government's job."

Just how much we have lost the confidence of the Catholic masses was shown most strikingly during the last presidential campaign, in that experiment tried by some of the political enemies of Mr. Roosevelt who, thinking that they could turn the Catholic vote against the President by turning the priests against him, succeeded only in proving that the Catholic

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poor no longer follow their priests as they once did.

The plan of these politicians can be best expressed in the form of a syllogism, thus: We can win the Catholic vote if we can win the Catholic priests to our side. But we can win the Catholic priests to our side if we can make them believe that Roosevelt is a communist sympathizer. Therefore let's make the priests believe that Roosevelt is a communist sympathizer.

So the campaign began, to make the priests believe that Roosevelt was a communist sympathizer, and it was carried on especially in the Hearst newspapers, which featured daily headlines about the atrocities of Spanish communists against priests and nuns, side by side with insinuations that Roosevelt was in sympathy with communism. Hadn't he, they asked, recognized Soviet Russia? Hadn't he refused to do anything for the Church in Mexico? Wasn't Tugwell a communist? Didn't Browder prefer Roosevelt to Landon? Did Roosevelt prevent Browder from speaking over the radio? Wasn't Dubinsky, an elector on the New York State ballot for Roosevelt, a communist? Wasn't Roosevelt continually appealing to and stirring up class hatreds? Wasn't the WPA controlled by communists? And so on.

Now, of course, each of these charges could easily and satisfactorily have been answered separately, but all together they made an imposing array, especially with Father Coughlin yelling that Roosevelt was anti-God and with priests like Edward Lodge Curran, head of the International Catholic Truth Society, attacking the President again and again on the front pages of the Hearst papers. And then, a couple of weeks before election, priests and nuns began to report personal attacks on them by communists in New York City. Whether, as Eddie Rodden, Farley's right-hand man, told his brother (a Catholic priest), these attacks were staged and paid for by certain Republicans, as the climax of their plan to stampede the priests against Roosevelt, or whether they just happened I have no way of knowing, but the fact is that they did occur and that they did help to stampede many priests to a final outburst against the President and his supposed communistic sympathies.

Now, Sunday after Sunday, special sermons were preached in all the churches, directly against communism and indirectly, in most cases, against Roosevelt. Magazines like *The Catholic World* and papers like *The Tablet* began to yap with increasing bitterness against the President. Boys and girls in Catholic schools came home to tell their parents how the priests and nuns were against Roosevelt. A typical illustration of how the clergy had turned suddenly from Democracy to Republicanism was shown in one college in Brooklyn, where out of a faculty of sixteen priests, hitherto all Democrats, only two stood by the President.

In a word, the political enemies of the President did succeed in making priests as a class believe that Roosevelt was a communist sympathizer and did win the priests to Landon. But they did not win the Catholic masses to Landon. (Need I quote from election returns?) The reaction of those masses seems to indicate that not only do the poor no longer ring our doorbells but they no longer pay any attention to us at all.

VI

Of course religious life among the faithful seems to go on much as before. The crowds still flock to our churches for religious services, but, beyond these duties which have been ingrained in them by habit and tradition, they leave us priests pretty much alone in our splendid aloofness and isolation. In their ordinary lives, the poor, especially, want as little as possible to do with us.

That many of us recognize that we have lost prestige is, as I have said, evident from the fact that we are complaining about the new antagonism that we sense about us. But blaming our situation on communism instead of blaming it on ourselves only makes us appear ridiculous.

An example of how silly we appear in our senseless tirades against the straw man of Russian communism is provided for us in a talk given recently by Father Francis X. Talbot, Jesuit editor of *America*, to 500 Catholic women at a communion breakfast in the Hotel Biltmore, New York. "Communism," said he, "is coming up from the depths. And God from above has deputed us Catholics to fight it."

Bags and bastinadoes! What are the depths from which communism in America is rising?

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Some of them are not far from the Biltmore — the fetid and squalid tenements of the poor only a few blocks away. These "homes" and countless others like them in America are the breeding places of American communism. And, if God from above has really deputed us dear, good, superior Catholics to fight communism, why in hell don't we go down into these depths, protest against the economic abuses that cause such misery, and show the way to helping the victims by giving our money and our service and our lives for the poor, as priests especially are supposed to do? Aren't many of the poor in the slums of our great cities turning to the communists simply because the best that we religious leaders seem willing to do for them is to yell at their miserable bodies and souls from our lofty pulpits?

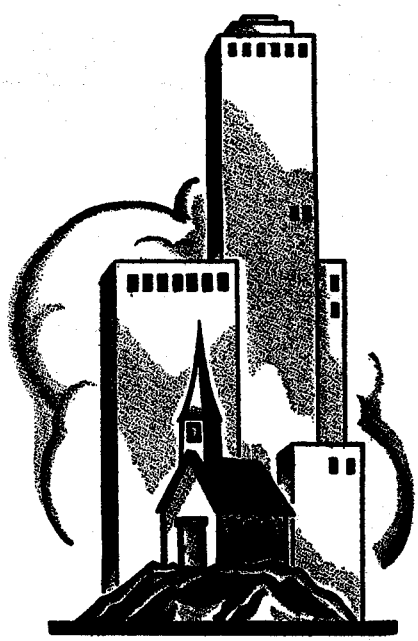
Father Duffee of New York complained recently that there are 30,000 communists working day and night in America. You may be sure that most of them are down with the poor. More shame to us 30,000 priests in our aloofness from the crowd and in our lives of soft, superior seclusion. Christ was not aloof from the masses. Have we priests today more dignity than Christ? Or have we just less guts than the communists?

At a recent dinner attended by the apostolic delegate to the United States — the Most Reverend Giovanni Cicognani — and His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen of Catholic University did make a very intelligent and pertinent remark when he said, "We must go down to the poor and unemployed and build up as strong a Christian proletariat as the communists would a communist proletariat." (Which statement, by the way, shows that our leaders are beginning to admit that we have *not* been down with the poor and unemployed, where we belong.) But it may be too late for us to get down with the poor and unemployed, even if they trusted us and wanted us. As a class, we have grown accustomed to a soft and selfish life.

True, there are many priests who would like to go down with the poor, as priests used to do. After all, it was to help the poor that most of us became priests. And it sickens us to feel that we have lost touch with them or that they look on us as religious racketeers. But what can we do? The organization of the Church must be run more as a business than a charitable institution, more to make money than to give it away. All that we can do is to coast along with the rest and hope that the bottom won't be reached too soon.

Will that bottom be just a state where people grow completely indifferent to us? Or will it mean a condition for us like that of the priests in Spain today? I was talking about it only the other day with a young priest. He shrugged and said, "Well, if the revolution comes, I'm going to put on a red tie and join the crowd. There are a couple of fat Monsignors I'd like to chase, myself."

Probably he wasn't very serious. But I feel sorry for the young men who are preparing for the priesthood in America today. I think they're in for trouble.



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The Causes of the Coming War

by **EMIL LUDWIG**

OWING to the philosophic character of its causes, the coming war is inevitable. Two rival powers can keep each other in a state of balance for decades by alternating the use of threats with diplomatic courtesies and the expansion of armaments with an occasional show of partial disarmament. But where two cultural worlds confront each other an explosive spark must relieve the existing tension. This time it is a question of right versus might. The great religious wars had hundreds of realistic causes, but the rulers who conducted them in order to gain thrones and provinces felt the need of spiritual motives with which to justify their acts. Today, when in place of small mercenary armies entire peoples, including their women, are mobilized, ambition or the dilemma of powerful leaders demands, now more than ever, suitable ideas and formulas with which to goad the fanaticism of the masses.

These ideas demand a presentation that is increasingly convincing in their appeal. If previously it was possible to maneuver forces with the word *Fatherland*, it has now become necessary to make use of the term *World Power* as a lure to action. If previously *National Grandeur* sufficed as a motive for war, it has today become necessary to speak of *Racial Superiority*. Thus just as orchestras, which in the days of Mozart consisted of 24 musicians, had increased to 80 in those of Wagner and to 120 at the present time, so must the slogans inciting to military preparedness be increasingly instrumented. It is here that technology becomes invaluable: radio, which has saved thousands of lives, is now misused for the destruction of human beings simply because its verbal appeal is irresistible. Were the League of Nations to suspend the use of the radio throughout the world for one year, it might still be possible to halt war.

EMPTY WORDS

THE TRUTH of the matter is that all the explanations with which the so-called experts, in the interest of the ruling classes, seek to justify the necessity of "expansion" are false.

It is false to maintain that nations can obtain raw materials only through war. International commerce, to which technological progress during the past twenty years has lent a

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speed and a variety hitherto unknown, together with barter and the natural desire for barter, has grown to such an extent that every country is always in a position to obtain raw materials and to ship her finished products to any part of the world.

At no time has the medieval concept of autarchy been as stupid as now. Ever since the telegraph and the airplane made the world so small that its most distant points have been brought within verbal reach in a matter of seconds and within physical reach in a matter of days, humanity has been in a position to free itself from one of the most difficult causes of war. The conquest of a country no longer, as was once the case, places the oil or iron of that country in the sole possession of the conqueror. It merely makes it cheaper for her to obtain. Switzerland receives as much cotton from foreign lands as does England from her colonies. As long as peace reigns, the world of commerce is a league of nations, because no natural or manufactured product can any longer belong to a single people. Moreover it is only with three types of raw materials that it is possible for a colony to supply her owners in sufficient quantity. Since it is no longer possible for anyone to monopolize medical research, inventions, or devices for communication, secrets can be kept intact for only a short time before they are appropriated by the rest of the world.

Practically all colonies cost more than they produce. When during the days of the German Republic, ten years ago, a circular inquiry was addressed to us asking whether German colonies would be worth while, most of the replies were in the negative. At that time an English politician said to me: "We would be pleased if Germany were to take one of ours," and a Portuguese statesman confessed in brief that to sell her colonies would be the best thing his country could do with them. And yet no one dares to take such a step simply because of *prestige*, a word that should be expunged from the dictionary because it is ruining the world. It is only for the sake of prestige that the Germans feel that they must shout for colonies—and this though Hitler continues the Bismarckian tradition and remains silent about the question in his book. The number of decades they will have to wait before Ethiopia ceases to cost them money will amaze the Italians.

Even the question of population density, which the aggressive states advance as a justification for war, is groundless. England and Belgium are much more thickly populated than Germany and Italy, who complain of lack of space, and despite this they have achieved no alleviation of this condition through their colonies. Even though within the course of the next few years 500,000 Italians should settle in Ethiopia — I have been in that country, by the way, and don't believe it possible — in what manner would that ease the condition of 42,000,000 Italians? Even while the dictators bellow most loudly for more land, they simultaneously reward the mothers of four children, instead of taxing them for indulging in overpopulation. The true motive behind their mania for greater and greater populations is simply their desire to have the greatest possible number of soldiers.

If it is merely a question of ending population density, colonies are unnecessary. The European who emigrates to the Argentine has all the opportunities of the Argentinian, once he overcomes the initial difficulties of adjustment.

The third current pretext for war on the part of the aggressive powers is also an invention: the defense of those conationals who live as a national minority in other lands. If Germany were to border on the upper Nile and the lost and wretched conationals, who formerly spoke German, were now compelled to live like the naked Shilluks in reed huts, one might be able to understand Germany's desire for an offensive war. But as a matter of fact national minorities throughout Europe live under the same conditions of security, hygiene, and schooling as their so-called hosts. The only thing that changes at any of the 24 European boundaries is the diet.

Complaints based on the language question are also groundless. Is it a misfortune that emigrant Germans master two languages in place of one? And, if their children forget the first language, has the other, which they learn, no literature?

Human needs and economic problems are merely utilized as pretexts for war. Even social struggle and oppression need not lead to war, for, should revolutions break out in most countries, they could not for long constitute a source of general European conflagration. The

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real causes of war are ideational and emotional. In reality there is no cause of war today apart from the will to power — and this only in the empty sense of a bygone age. In truth the path to power today does not lie in the possession of territories, and just as little does the path of

bravery lie in mechanized warfare. Such concepts are nothing but romantic lies through which the sense of insecurity of mediocre characters masks itself with the lust for life of weaklings.

Honor and the Sword of Hatred

The Germans speak much of honor, but this martial people lays all emphasis on military honor. They maintain that defeat destroyed their honor. Despite the fact that the resistance which they put up for four years won the wonder of the world and despite the fact that between 1919 and 1930 all branches of German culture, commerce, invention, and art won the acclamation of the world, they remained obsessed by the thought that their honor would remain lost until they once more dared to draw the sword: *ihr Schwert schwingen duerften*. Trained to respect the officer as the highest type of human being, they are possessed by a feeling of inferiority which they believe to be unshakable until their defeat is made good. In this illusion, namely that German honor can be redeemed only through the sword, lies one of the main causes of the coming war.

When, a short time after the World War, I asked the aged Lord Balfour about the future of Europe, he replied: "The future of Europe lies in the inner development of Germany." I did not believe him at the time, but he was right. For ten years *das grosse und ewige Deutschland*, the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven, Kant and Humboldt, fought to free herself from the delusion of militarism. In this struggle Rathenau and Stresemann were the outstanding leaders. In a flood of books and speeches, articles and lectures, the best *Geister*, the best talents of the country attempted to guide German ambition toward industry and invention, commerce, art, and science. We believed that the fruitful lesson of the World War would be strong enough to conquer a tradition three centuries old.

That was our error. The German masses never wanted to be reconciled with France: they never wanted the League of Nations or Europe. They wanted the sword, and the majority of their scholars and educators served this Moloch of militarism as in the days of Bismarck. They taught the youth to glorify the red stripe that ran down the trousers of the general's uniform. For ten years a small group of Germans and a somewhat larger number of non-Germans attempted to create that new milieu in central Europe which would have changed everything. It was central Europe that was the crucial spot and not Italy or Russia or even Austria and Hungary, who had lost territory as the result of the World War. For ten years Europe's fate depended upon the outcome of this struggle between the two Germanies: Goethe versus Bismarck, Schiller versus Frederik, Schopenhauer versus Hegel.

Throughout this decade the Germans were an unhappy people. After centuries of paternalism they had been taught to think politically, they had been compelled to accept responsibility, they had been subjected to freedom. Fearfully they explained that they wanted none of this: to this purpose there had always been kings and nobles; and, as for themselves, they wanted, in God's name, to be free of freedom.

It was an extremely difficult matter to educate the critical Italian to the point where he would accept a certain degree of discipline. But it was a simple matter to achieve the same result with the obedient German. Mussolini has often sighed his wish that he had been born in Prussia. I know this to be a fact. I have described the condition of the German spirit

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in my book about Hindenburg. The opposition to the acceptance of individual responsibility under the new state, the lack of command in the new democratic republic, the substitution of instruction for orders, the road from Potsdam to Weimar made the masses first impatient and then hostile. They distrusted the leaders of the Republic if for no other reason than the attempt of France to support them. Whereas during the War England alone was hated, after the War it was only France who was hated. An historical scene poisoned minds. The hall of mirrors in Versailles, in which, 65 years before, the German empire had been founded, saw two wretched German burghers sign a burdensome peace. This picture stands before the eyes of every German. It is in this hall of mirrors that he would like to sit for the third time, a conqueror dictating a peace to the conquered French. This and nothing else is the dream of every young German.

For of the east, concerning which the Germans talk so much, none has any conception. No Russian or Polish city, no river, no song of those lands is popular in Germany. The Russians entered into a century-long friendship with the Prussians, but their land itself remained unknown. In my father's house, with its humanist traditions, all the frequenters had been to Paris and Rome, but none had ever been in St. Petersburg or Warsaw. All of them spoke French, none spoke Russian. To this very day no one takes any interest in the manner in which the Volga Germans are governed. But around the west, the Rhine, Strasbourg, legends, songs, and memories are woven. That is the land of wine and music. It is there that the politico-romantic history of the Germans, their *Herzensgeschichte*, expresses itself. When the great Briand believed that a 300-year-old struggle could be overcome through reason, through the sentiment, *die Pathos* as the German would have it, of an idea concerning a United States of Europe, he deceived himself utterly concerning the nature of the German people.

The Peaceable French

France too, after her defeat, dreamed of revenge. But this was gradually forgotten; and when the victorious Germans invaded their country 43 years later, there were merely a couple of surviving fighters like Clemenceau who greeted the hour of revenge. All were terrified at the thought that they would have to fight again.

It is in this desire of the French for peace that the second cause of the coming war lies; for unfortunately it is no secret and thus has an effect that is the opposite of the fascist tactics of bluff. The Germans know that the French never fight an offensive war, not even to support their allies; they know the constant demand of the French for security and are therefore also inclined to underestimate their great defensive powers. It is for these reasons that the Germans consider an alliance for the defense of France, in the manner of 1914, unlikely. "The French are afraid." This is an expression repeated a thousand times by every German youth; and, when the French passively contemplated Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland in March, 1936, a smile of contempt passed over every German visage. Every schoolboy, every official, every soldier in Germany, every judge and teacher, in short every German must read the Führer's book, in which, as late as the 1936 edition, the French are depicted as contemptible and are called a "half-negro-ized people." The more the French calmly and pacifically permit all these things to go on, the higher

mounts the confidence of their neighbors in their own ability to conquer.

The Trusting British

The English are responsible for the third cause of the coming war, albeit there is an extenuating factor in their case. Nowhere has the concept of a league of nations sunk so deeply into the masses as in England. The efforts of the best spirits to prepare a new Germany collided against the mistaken conception of the British that they were still living on an island. Their desire for peace caused the

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Englishman on the street to overlook the fact that London was merely an hour's flight from Hamburg. The influence of the church and of women contributed to the oversight; and, whereas France looked to her arms from the first day after the War, England postponed her rearmament for a decade. Because she had no money, she also believed it unnecessary to spend money and on this basis she defended a concept of political ethics that appeared ridiculous to fascism.

Too late did England recognize the old German will to war. When after 1924, following Hindenburg's election, it rose again, it drove rapidly toward the Hitler state, and the frightened English saw that they would have to prepare for the new war with every means at their disposal. This preparation will be passably complete only in 1938. It is because of this that the English wish to make the Germans believe that they are their friends. Thence it is that every German believes that England will fight this time on the side of Germany, particularly should the conflict break out tomorrow and not the day after tomorrow. This incomplete character of English armament leads the Germans to accelerate their push toward war, because they are in a position to arm thrice as rapidly and as effectively as anyone else. It is in this ability that the genius of aggressive powers manifests itself.

The Bulldozers

Europe has two aggressive powers; the world, three: Germany, Italy, and Japan. But Germany is the deciding factor as far as war in Europe is concerned.

For Japan lies at the other end of the world, although, it is true, at the other end of Russia; and the new military alliance with the Japanese will either unleash war in both places at once or supply one or the other with the pretext for an attack. At the same time, should Japan seize a thousand square miles of east-Asiatic Russia, she could not affect civilization as much as would the seizure of a thousand square miles by Germany. In any event, the interests and tendencies of both are highly similar: both surpass their neighbors in ability and organizational capacity, in warlike qualities, and in obedience to authority. That the Japanese are yellow in color is a thing that the race-conscious German notices only when yellow harms his interests.

Italy, the second country with an aggressive philosophy, is really far less martial than her speeches and books would indicate. The easy victory over the Negro race satisfies every Italian. With the Italians there is no question of revenge. No one wants Nice or Dubrovnik or Teschen. All the psychological assumptions that direct that warlike spirit of the Germans are lacking in Italy. To all outward appearances she is saturated with this spirit today but inwardly she was never aggressive. Mussolini knows the limitations of the Italian character. His African conquest even permits him to remain neutral in the coming war, at least at the beginning.

With the Germans, on the other hand, all characteristics lead in concentric fashion to war. This, the most militaristic people of the world, is at the same time the most obedient; and this, the most organized of peoples, is also the only one which seeks revenge. The world which came forth in 1914 to smash this military spirit confronts today a far more dangerous Germany than it did then, for this is the empire of Wilhelm II plus the spirit of revenge. Since the Germans are the only people in history who obey not through compulsion but through desire, their inmost wish has been factually fulfilled by the new Führer: He has forbidden this people to think politically and has at the same time restored orders and decorations, parade music and flags. The impress of a freedom that lasted for fourteen years has been removed from the German people. Whoever loves this ideal of the obedient subject should not criticize the Germans. It is as difficult to combat national character as it is to combat a storm; one can only resort to lightning rods. When the wolf attacks my flock, am I to read to it from Kant's *Treatise on Eternal Freedom* or Goethe's *Epimetheus?* The motivation of the German is never covetousness or greed for money. It is idealistic after its own fashion.

Therefore, in order completely to arouse this warlike people, whose country during the last three years has been transformed into a gigantic military camp, a race theory was introduced that purports to reveal the Germans as the noblest of peoples. It is singular that the three pioneers of this theory were all non-Germans:

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the Englishman Chamberlain, the Frenchman Gobineau, and the Jew Woltmann. The only German (Nietzsche) on whom they base their ideas always spoke ironically of the German race. It was not Nietzsche but Wagner who gave the Third Reich her catchwords.

A different sort of motivation has been lent to the Germans through the struggle against Bolshevism, for although, in 1933 at least, there was no communist "danger" in Germany and they should accordingly have known who set the Reichstag on fire, the Germans have already forgotten it. The struggle against Moscow, the crusader's spirit, the belief that every bomb is consecrated to a higher purpose, is, since most of the churches protest, disseminated through the schools and institutions of higher learning. The new leaders have correctly perceived that the German wishes to hear a mystic voice out of the folk soul behind the commanding shout of his officer. Every German cannon contains an alloy of ten per cent of philosophy, and every poison gas has a lyrical element in its composition.

When Hitler's book, in accordance with this race theory, demands the unification of all Germanic stocks under the leadership of Germany, we are tempted to set it aside as sheer theorizing. Mussolini, after all, wrote, in his youth, a cynical novel against the cardinals and later discarded it. But Hitler, on the contrary, has declared his book to be the political bible of the Germans and sinks the idea of race into the soul of every German child. The Jews were merely the first easy victims of this theory. The official books on ethnography teach the youth that the Germans in Holland and Denmark, in Bohemia and in Switzerland belong to Germany.

The Inevitable Advance

But whoever imagines that Memel or the Ukraine or northern Bohemia is the goal of the Germans is in error. They are merely the small preliminaries; they constitute merely a reclamation of something that rightfully belongs to them. The final struggle is to be against France and no one else. Even though the Germans were to engage in three wars to the east, they would, after the victory, turn to the fourth war in the west. This development will take place with greater rapidity than most Europeans imagine. For the shutting in and localization of a war, as though it were a burning room on a ship, is possible only in Africa. In Europe there is no iron bulkhead. If war begins in any single place, the social tensions are universally too great to permit the other countries to remain spectators for long. The adherents of neutrality will be torn to bits by the conflicting elements in their respective countries. Within a few hours after the outbreak of the conflagration in any one spot, the entire ship will be on fire.

Nevertheless there are optimists who believe that the Germans may be able to achieve everything through the instrumentality of threats, simply because they have successfully done so up to now. They are mistaken; for until now Germany has not crossed a foreign frontier. Hitler probably hopes to go on gaining his ends through extortion without resorting to war, for quite naturally he wishes to avoid a war. It would only destroy him. Wilhelm II, however, also wanted to avoid war, and yet after twenty years of provocative talk he finally brought it about.

War is coming because the Germans have not yet fulfilled their role and because they are strong enough — or at least because they find others weak enough. It is coming because they have fused their brutal impulsive force with the war philosophy of fascism, because they have given their cold organizational set-up a mystic background, because they obediently march forward to the triumphal procession of the Germanic race. "The Germans," Goethe wrote, "are honorable as individuals and infamous as a group, and yet they picture themselves as precisely the opposite."

One man might still prevent the war — Roosevelt. He knows it and possesses the sense of historical mission. But the vested interests in his country are too strong, and the illusion of the Americans that they can leave Europe to herself lies too deeply rooted in them. They do not wish to see in how dangerous a situation the common victory of Germany and Japan would place them. Roosevelt may wish to take a great step forward toward world peace. But the American people will have to back him up with determination. This people somehow sees nothing but Wilson's shadow, without understanding his achievements.

But if America does not understand, then war is inevitable.

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Hero Hunters

by **ERNEST POOLE**

To a busy Pittsburgh office where men have a purpose like that of no other in our land, the morning mail some years ago brought this letter from the sheriff of a small town in the Southwest:

> There has been a rescue here. Two boy students from New York, aged fourteen and seventeen, were exploring the mouth of an extinct volcano about five miles out of this town. The younger boy fell into the volcano vent and started for the bowels of the earth. The vent is crooked. He struck at the turns and grabbed at ledges on the way down. His screams were heard by the boy above. They got fainter and fainter. Then they stopped. The older boy came to town for help but found nobody willing to go down — because the vent is known to be inhabited by rattlers. But at last a carpenter here named Jack McLane volunteered, and they lowered him on a steel cable. He took big chances on that trip not only from the rattlers but the ledges at the turns, sharp enough to cut his cable. It was a half-inch cable but old and somewhat rusty. He went slow but kept on down and nearly two hundred feet from the top he found the boy still living and brought him back up in his arms. He is a good citizen. Risked his life. Was in the hospital for a month. I think he deserves a Carnegie award.

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission wrote promptly to the sheriff, asking him for more details and reports from witnesses. Other correspondence passed, and about a month later one of the Commission's five field agents arrived at the spot to investigate. These trained hero hunters have to be thorough in their work, for of thousands of applications only a few receive awards, and, moreover, where there is great need, the award may amount to several thousand dollars. So the agent in this case went first to the sheriff and questioned him. Next he saw the carpenter — liked him, liked his modesty — and took his story in careful detail. It supported that of the sheriff, and was later confirmed by six witnesses of the rescue. And then, on a strong cable attached to a pulley rigged over the vent, the agent himself descended to check up on what he had heard! He had with him a flashlight and a flexible steel measuring tape. How much of a risk had the carpenter run? The agent must know. He had come for the facts. Here they are in brief outline, adapted from his long report:

> From the surface opening, ten feet long, east and west, and four feet wide, the vent took a straight twelve-foot drop, then sloped downward to the south at an angle of 45 degrees, here seven feet in diameter, to a point 40 feet from the surface. There it made a right-angled turn and extended down to the north for 35 feet, then curved to the west still downward at an angle of 60 degrees for 30 feet, here about ten feet in diameter, then narrowed and made a sharp turn to the north and twenty feet deeper a twist to the west at 40 degrees down for 25 feet, and from there it dropped eighteen feet to a flat ledge eight feet wide running north and south. No light from the surface reached this spot. There was no gas, but the air was filled with choking dust from pulverized bat dung brushed off the ledges overhead. From the eight-foot ledge the vent opened down into a great cave extending for a distance unknown.

On this eight-foot ledge the boy's body had lodged and so been saved from the depths below. Tumbling, sliding, clutching, screaming, he had come 168 feet on that terrifying drop. The bat dung four feet deep on the ledge had somewhat softened his last fall, but he was badly cut and bruised and had a broken rib and arm.

Three hours later, the carpenter on his rusty cable came down with a flashlight and found him there. From those hours alone in the pitch dark, stifled and in agony and in constant terror of snakes, the boy was in a stupor at first; but when raised up he went crazy and screamed and struck out to ward off rattlers. In the struggle to hold him on the ledge, the carpenter raised even denser clouds of the foul and pungent dust. Though blinded and choked,

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he talked to the boy and held him fast till he fainted once more, then thrust his left leg through one of two rope loops attached to the end of the cable. He thrust his own leg in the other loop, wound rope around both their bodies and attached it to the cable between them and then he jerked on the signal rope to the men far above to draw them up. The ascent was slow, for the carpenter, holding his flashlight in one hand, with the other and with his feet and knees kept pushing himself and his burden clear from sharp lava ledges — the ledges which at any moment might cut through the rusty cable and plunge them into the abyss below, the one that reached "for a distance unknown." The cable above kept dislodging more dung. Lumps struck him sharply on head and neck, and bats hissed by close to his ears, making him think of rattlesnakes. At last, with his clothes badly torn, bleeding from a deep gash in one knee and two others on his head, blood spurting, too, from his bursting lungs, he reached the surface with the boy living but unconscious still.

"He took big chances," the sheriff had written. He certainly did! But how much had he *sacrificed?* The boy had recovered and gone back east, but from the hospital the agent learned that the carpenter, bruised and gashed and with a sprained wrist, had been unable to work for a month. Then the agent went to see him again. How much had he known of the risk he would run at the time he volunteered? Had he been told of the lava ledges?

Yes, he had heard there were some down there and that the vent had twists and turns.

Had he known the cable was rusty?

"Yes, but it was all we had."

Had he heard about the bat dung and the danger of suffocation?

No, he hadn't thought of that.

Had he stopped to think if there might be gas?

No.

Had he heard of the rattlers?

Yes, the men had warned him at the time.

Was the boy he saved an absolute stranger?

Yes, he'd never seen him before.

"Well, Brother, what can we do for you? You have a wife and five young children. What do you need?"

"Oh, we get along."

"What do you want most in the world?"

"I want a good little carpenter shop. I'm tired of working for other men. I'd like to be my own boss from now on."

"Well, I hope you will be."

More long talks, with his former employers, storekeepers, and a banker, revealed that he had been a good workman, with wages that averaged through the year about $80 a month. He did not drink. He liked his home. He paid his bills promptly; his credit was good. He had paid off all but $500 of a mortgage on his frame house. People liked him. If set up in his trade he would probably earn more than before. Then the agent in a long report made his recommendation to the Commission back in Pittsburgh; and six months later the carpenter, with the mortgage cleared on his home, moved into a "good little carpenter shop," where he has done well ever since. The agent knows, for he went to find out. The Commission believes in follow-ups. Although he seldom speaks of it, the carpenter is justly proud of the large silver hero medal hung over the workbench in his shop.

Heroism, Inc.

This story — adapted from others I heard because, as the Commission has learned, men of this breed do not care to be too closely identified in print as recipients of aid — is only one case among thousands. For the Carnegie Hero Fund has been active for 33 years.

A great mine disaster at the Harwick Collieries in 1904 led to the crystallization of an idea which Andrew Carnegie had already long had in mind — how, as compared to the heroes of war, the heroes of peace were so soon forgotten. No pensions and no bonuses — and workingmen's compensation laws were almost unheard-of then. So he planned not only to recognize heroic deeds by medal award but to care for those who in the act had sacrificed health or livelihood or, dying, left behind them widows and children or other dependent relatives in need. To a commission of 21 he turned over a $5,000,000 trust. Wide publicity was given his plan. Applications began to pour in, and in 32 years they have come at the rate of about 1,000 a year. They seldom come from the heroes themselves — rather through the press or from friends.

To sift and select, through correspondence and through personal interviews by a field agent on the spot, is often long and tedious —

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as in the case of an act performed at a seaside resort in July and not reported until fall, so that when the agent reached the scene the rescuer and rescued and all the witnesses but one had scattered to their distant homes. To gather data so widely dispersed, the chief agent in Pittsburgh — guided by large maps with tacks of various colors punched in to indicate the locations not only of the heroic acts but of all persons to be interviewed — keeps his five field agents traveling all about the continent.

Originally newspapermen and college graduates, long experience in this work has made them hero specialists. They gather facts and evidence now in deep Canadian snows and again in tropical waters. One tramped for miles through a great Southern swamp where a couple of shotguns were often used to clear the trail of deadly moccasins. They cross stretches of heavy sea and miles of burning desert, go down into mines where explosions have occurred, scale mountain cliffs, or run dangerous rapids, in order to reach the site of a deed and judge the degree of risk involved. Their slogan is: *Facts and facts alone*. Equipped with typewriter, camera, and distance-measuring instruments, they make long, detailed reports, giving the date, time of day or night, and full description by word and map of the scene of rescue and all such conditions as state of weather, velocity of wind and waves, dangerous gases in well or mine, speed of train or automobile. The account of the act will also include the age, height and weight, occupation and experience of rescuer and rescued, assistance given, time occupied, and degree of endurance and of mental alertness of the hero and the physical effect on him; also the resulting financial need, if any, of him and his dependents, together with information received from all witnesses of the deed and others interviewed for advice in planning the most suitable award.

Not in Line Of Duty

Of the 1,000 cases reported each year, only about eight per cent meet the Commission's requirements. The others are not fraudulent claims — in the records I could not find such a case. Most of the applications denied are made by friends in ignorance of the high standards of heroism set up by the Commission.

A grateful mother, for example, asked an award for a young man who had saved her daughter from drowning at Charlevoix, on Lake Michigan. The agent found that the rescuer was a young college athlete who had often swum a mile or more. He had dived from a pier and saved a little girl of seven, but it was in smooth water, and the child was only ten feet from the pier; so for him there was no risk involved.

From the Sierra Nevadas another application came in. A girl climber had fallen into a crevice halfway up a 500-foot cliff and had sprained her ankle. A youth of twenty had climbed to the spot and tied her securely with a rope lowered by men from above; and so she was drawn to the top. When the agent arrived to investigate and wished to reach the spot himself, the hero offered to take him up. The agent was no experienced climber, and the cliff was very steep. More than once he had to cling with his hands. At last arriving at the site, he remarked that it had been some climb! "Aw hell!" said the young rescuer. "If you think that's anything, watch me now!" Nimbly as a chamois he climbed on up to the top. And the agent, panting on a ledge, watched that human goat and decided that any risk the youth had run was too small to deserve an award.

But the applications most commonly denied are those in behalf of policemen, firemen, and life guards at seaside resorts. To reward all the courageous deeds of such professional rescuers would swamp the Commission's resources, so the scope of the Fund is confined to those whose regular vocations do not necessarily require them to perform such acts. For recognition and reward there must be conclusive proof that the hero risked his life to an extraordinary degree in saving or attempting to save the life of a fellow being or that he voluntarily sacrificed himself for the benefit of another. All such

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deeds must be performed in this country, Canada, Newfoundland, or the waters thereof within six miles of land and must be reported within three years, in order to get dependable evidence.

The Carnegie hero medal is large. It bears the bust of Andrew Carnegie on one side, on the other a brief recital of the deed, and around the border these words: "Greater love hath no man than this — that a man lay down his life for his friend."

In recognition of the degree of courage, risk, and sacrifice, the medals are of gold, silver, and bronze. Only nineteen gold medals had been awarded up to 1936. Nearly 600 have been of silver, about 2,300 of bronze. The final decision as to degree is made by the Commission, but this very largely depends on the recommendation of the field agent, who is able on the spot to judge the extent of the risk involved.

Impulse and Calculation

With so many conditions entering in, different in every case, no rigid rules can be laid down. But in a recent statement made by the President of the Commission, a broad and general classification of the rescues does appear.

The simplest form of heroism and the one most commonly found is the purely impulsive deed. Without reflection the hero acts — and later is startled by what he has done.

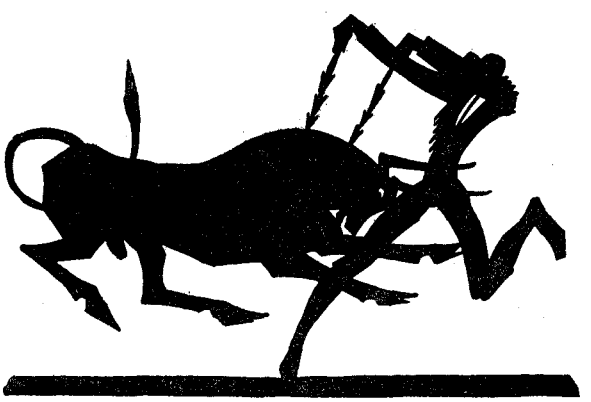
In a crowded small-town street, for example, a man jumped in front of a runaway team, caught hold of the bridles, and was dragged almost beneath their plunging feet but managed to bring them to a stop. When an admiring crowd drew around, he colored and muttered: "Aw, forget it!" — and took himself away. He received a bronze medal. Such deeds are performed in a moment of time.

Others take longer and demand the coolest, quickest thinking a man has ever done in his life. Having plunged in, he must carry through or lose his life and that of another.

Such was the case of a middle-aged matron in a children's home in the far northwest. Awakened at two A.M. by the ringing of the fire gong and finding the hallway filled with smoke, she quickly aroused the small boys and girls in the two big, crowded dormitories on the second floor, quelled their instant panic, and led them out to safety. Then she counted them. Three were missing. Back she plunged into the building, now a red chaos of smoke and flame. On her first trip she found Annie, aged six, and on her second trip two tiny boys, Charley and Frank, aged two and four. The last two had to be dropped from the window into a blanket held below. She herself dropped through the stair opening, close to the flames, and was badly burned on face, neck, and hands. Here was courage of a higher degree, so she received a silver medal.

But higher yet is the courage sustained under peril still more prolonged, like that of the coal miner in Illinois who assumed command of his seven friends buried deep underground and for three long days and nights strained all his wits and energy in the battle with suffocation and death. He kept four of them living till help arrived. He received the gold medal. In this class also come a few of the doctors and nurses who volunteer to serve weeks and months in dangerous epidemics in which many lose their lives.

But the most dramatic story I heard was that of a middle-aged superintendent of schools in Kansas. While two well diggers worked at a well pipe in the bottom of a hole 32 feet deep and four feet square, the sandy earth suddenly caved in and buried both men — one up to his neck, with his hands at his sides; the other completely out of sight. The school superintendent was passing by, and found that no one among those gathered at the top dared attempt a rescue, because of the evident danger from the treacherous, yielding sides of the well, in which great cracks could now be seen. Quickly he climbed down the ladder and in that cramped, narrow space, working fast with scoop and bare hands and a bucket lowered from above, in two long, hard hours he managed at last to free both men, one dead, the



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other still alive. All this time he knew that he too might at any instant be buried deep by another cave-in. Just after he got out, it occurred. He has a gold medal now in his home.

And Besides Medals

Very often the medal is the least important part of the Carnegie award. In cases of death, where widow and children or other dependents are left in need, the aid given is rarely in lump sums but more often in monthly payments. A widow receives on the average about $40 a month and $5 for each child under sixteen until she remarries and the children reach self-supporting age. At intervals the agent returns to learn what kind of life she is leading, whether or not she pays her bills, and what sort of care she is giving her children. His investigation, though firm, is friendly and helpful. Here is a letter from a bookkeeper's widow:

> I received my month's allowance O.K. and want to write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful way my two boys and myself are being taken care of. If I could only find words to tell you how happy it makes me to think that I can always be with my little boys and they can have a good education!

In cases of loss of livelihood, the disabled hero is helped until again able to go to work. I heard many stories of the care used in selecting a doctor or surgeon or hospital for rescuers who had been injured or whose health had been badly impaired.

One case was a man of 30, with a wife and three small children. He was a tug captain. Over surging rafts of ice on one of the Great Lakes, at night, he reached a boy and saved him from drowning. The captain came down with pneumonia, and tuberculosis developed from that. The Commission sent him first to a local hospital and later for three years to a sanitarium in the Southwest, where he made a full recovery. The Commission supported his wife and children all the time he was gone.

Betterment payments may also be made. Farmers may have their debts paid off, or are aided in improving their farms. Small merchants are helped to improve their stores or stocks in trade; salaried men are set up in business, if, in the opinion of local bankers and merchants who know them, that seems wise. Among the younger heroes or the children of rescuers, ambitious boys and girls may be helped through trade and technical schools, colleges, or schools of fine arts.

All this demands from the agent the most careful scrutiny not only of needs but of personal traits and abilities. After the Commission has decided on an award, the beneficiary, young or old, is required to send in monthly reports. Students send school or college reports. And once a year or oftener all recipients of aid are visited by the agent to see that the money paid is being well used.

The Anatomy of Courage

At a New England boarding school in a zero twilight, five girls coasted down a hill. At the bottom their sled struck a hummock and veered out on the ice of a little lake. The ice broke, and four pitched in. The fifth girl (her name was Ann) sent a boy for help and then on her stomach squirmed toward the hole, pushing the sled in front of her. Slowly, warning each panicky girl not to bear down on the sled, she drew out one and then another. It grew dark; she could hardly see the hole; but out she wriggled again with the sled. The third girl was so numb she couldn't take hold. Ann reached out for her. The ice broke, and she plunged into nine feet of freezing water. Up she bobbed, caught hold of the sled, and, forcing it into the water beneath them, held the girl till men came with a rope. Half-frozen, both girls were pulled out. Ann begged them to let her dive for the fourth girl, but they were already dragging the hole for her body. She was brought up dead, and Ann was broken-hearted because she had saved only three of her friends.

On a new landing field in the West, a man named Wheeler took two men friends up in his biplane. One wing broke in a sharp turn; the plane rocked violently, then dived and crashed into the field below. Wings and fuselage burst into flame. While both passengers crawled clear and the mechanic beat out the flames on their clothes, a young farmer named Barnes came on the run. Thick black smoke poured up from the plane, and Wheeler, on fire, lay screaming beneath. Barnes crouched, dove in, and dragged him out a foot or two. With his own clothes ablaze, he sprang back for a moment to put out the flames and then a second time plunged in; but a gas tank exploded and blew him back. The mechanic came. Barnes said: "Grab my left hand!" As he did so, he reached in with his

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right and, both pulling, had Wheeler almost clear when the skin sloughed off the farmer's right hand. He lost his hold, then dove once more and with both raw hands grabbed his man by the arms and drew him out to the waiting mechanic. Together they beat out the flames in his clothes. He died that night. The farmer was laid up for a month. The Commission helped him on his farm.

A girl baby fell into a well hole 80 feet deep and only 14 inches across. A colored boy named Plato (this was in the South), so tiny he could fit into the hole, volunteered to go down on a rope. Through the pitch-dark slimy hole with bare feet and hands he wormed his way. Sharp stones and jagged roots on the sides cut his face and gouged his eyes. He reached the bottom, grabbed the baby by the shirt, and jerked on the rope. Halfway up, the shirt tore loose, and down his burden dropped. At the top, Plato wiped the blood from his face and offered to go down head first, so that he could "grab her good." With the rope tied to his ankles, again he wriggled down the hole. His head soon buzzed, and then it roared. At the bottom blindly he gripped the child and this time brought her safely up. He shook with a chill, and blood poured from his nose. Hands and feet were bleeding, too. When told he deserved a medal, he grinned and said: "All Ah wants is a pair of shoes."

On long surface ledges of copper ore in the side of a hill, a big gang of men had blasted out scores of boulders and, to shatter the boulders now, had drilled and filled with dynamite sticks 35 of the huge stones. As they lit the fuses and scurried away, a premature explosion pinned one of them by his legs beneath a 300-pound chunk of ore. Two others rushed back to him, quickly tried to lift the heavy mass but failed, then dashed madly to the charges set to explode, jerking the sizzling fuses out. Ten they got, but 25 had already burned deep, close to the percussion caps. One of the men ran for his life; the other turned back and threw himself on top of the doomed prisoner. Next instant the deafening roars began — in quick succession — 25 of them — and the air was filled with great, jagged pieces of rock. Then silence, and the gang came back. The man beneath had a broken leg, but his life had been saved by the bruised and ghastly bleeding body of his friend.

All afternoon two little girls had been gathering violets. They picked huge bunches, started back across a long, high railroad trestle, stopped to look for fish in the river below. A freight train roared around the curve and, as it thundered onto the trestle, the two children raced for the bank. The smaller one missed her footing and fell, with one leg caught between two ties. Ruth heard her cries and looked around. With grind of brakes and clouds of steam, the huge locomotive, slowing down, came towering upon her friend. Back she rushed and caught her hands, jerked her, lifted her, whirled her to the side of the trestle just in time. That saved her. Ruth was killed. They loaded her grave with violets.

An Affair of Cavalry

What is a hero? Why is he different from other people? Or is he different? The President of the Hero Fund Commission writes:

> If there be something peculiar in his blood and fibre, it has not been discovered by the Commission in over thirty years. In appearance and behaviour, the hero resembles the rest of mankind.

Here is a list of heroes from the files: railroad conductor, twelve-year-old boy, girl student, schoolteacher, law student, farmer, physician, mill hand, traveling salesman, switchman, plasterer, carpenter, oil-well driller, storekeeper, barber, station agent, gardener, clergyman, bank cashier.

Even criminals are sometimes included, and more than one hero has been located by an agent in a jail.

For it is not only the man but the moment that appears to account for the act of bravery. Nearly any one of us, it seems, may risk his life to save another if, as by a miracle, the circumstances and his mood combine to set the spark aflame. For of stuff common to us all, but buried deep, are heroes made. Today and for many tomorrows to come, some of us will die to rescue friends.

"Life is a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded. . . . It is an affair of cavalry."

Stevenson wrote that long ago. Is it true of yourself? You shake your head. And yet the web of circumstance may close on you too, some day, and in a flash make your life like an affair of cavalry.

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Do We Need Co-operatives?

A Debate

I — The Principle of Self-Help

***by* ROBERT WHITCOMB**

A CONSUMERS' co-operative is a group of persons who have learned to see themselves as consumers and to act as consumers. As such, it organizes, owns, and operates a business, the lowest denominator here being the consumers' co-operative grocery store, selling prime necessities to its food-consuming members. Being an organized market, it is a closed one and is therefore free from cutthroat competition.

Becoming consumer-conscious because the depression forced them to, the American people have embraced the consumers' co-operative movement and made it their own, with between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 members, and it is growing so rapidly now that hard-and-fast statistics about it are impossible.

However, it is well within the last two years that the movement started to spread from the countryside into the mobile, heterogeneous American cities, an unobtrusive thorn in the side of the chain stores. The actual progress has been meager enough. New York is not Copenhagen, and Chicago is not London, although London herself once was known as a "co-operative desert," whereas now she has 1,000,000 co-operative members. So far, Chicago is the ace American co-op city, with 30 buying clubs, exclusive of several negro buying groups; six co-op stores, with three more being organized; and two co-op gas-and-oil stations. These groups formed their own federation in 1936, and it is doing a business today at the rate of $1,000,000 per annum.

American city dwellers are unstable, inveterate both-end candle burners, and the *New York World-Telegram* has said that New Yorkers won't co-operate because they can't; the life they lead won't let them. Yet co-op stores and services, from laundry to milk, exist in all boroughs and in fact in most of the suburbs. Most famous are the fifteen chain co-op cafeterias, which recently settled some "labor trouble" to the educational advantage of the movement (co-ops are always sympathetic to labor). There is a large Finnish co-op movement in New York, with bakeries, credit unions, insurance companies, etc. The branch wholesale of the Eastern Co-operative League is located in New York and does business with many powerful co-ops, some of them half a century old, in all parts of New England. And then the most recent co-operative endeavor in New York includes several national co-op mail-order houses, as well as such services as the Consumers' Union and other aids to the movement. There is a Co-operative Council co-ordinating the co-ops within the city limits. A concerted effort to "co-operatize" ten typical city blocks will be started this year.

The heart of the American co-operative movement, however, is in the State of Minnesota. Co-ops serve 20 per cent of the entire population there, the consumers' co-ops doing an annual business of $28,000,000, and the producers' $98,000,000. The Minnesota concentration is explainable in terms of intelligent Scandinavian farmers, strong labor unions, and the great co-operative grocery wholesale, serving several hundred individual co-op stores, just across the Minnesota border at Superior, Wisconsin.

II

THE CONSUMERS' co-operative movement in America is a primitive collectivism expressing itself democratically as a result of the urge of millions of people to keep the wolf outside the door. It is the blooming of a native American tendency that dates back to the pioneers, to the earliest religious and intellectual

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co-operative colonies just after the Revolutionary War. This tendency continued through the early trade unions of workingmen, through the tremendous agrarian selling or producers' associations formed out of the despair of the Civil War.

A trade union is a sort of producers' co-operative association, with the difference that it sells its collective labor power instead of owning the machinery and selling its product. Trade unions, incidentally, often start consumers' co-operative stores of their own. The farmers' selling (or *producing*) groups or co-operatives must compete with capitalist groups on the open market. These farm co-ops quite naturally developed *consumers'* co-ops when they began to purchase farm machinery by group-buying methods, a good old American custom.

Quite generally it is admitted today that the consumer is the primary boss, but he must organize in powerful numbers and into influential, effective economic units — just what consumer co-ops are doing. In this way he escapes being at the mercy of the price setter, the monopolist, the ballyhoo advertiser; he achieves a check on standards or specifications; he avoids the risk of buying poison "pure" food and drugs, shoddy or sleazy clothing, jerry-built houses, germ-laden soft drinks, etc. Collectivism of the co-operative type is an economic necessity becoming apparent to a great many American people.

The American co-ops have yet, however, to perfect a technique of their own to meet historically new conditions. It was easier in Sweden or England, where the people are more apt to think alike and act alike in well-defined regions and thus make democratic distribution (or consumption) a relatively simple matter. The American consumer has been free, white, and 21; a man born of revolution, pioneering, freebooting, and civil war — and the exploitation of the natural resources of an entire continent. He has not known much about his neighbors 3,000 miles away on the opposite coast; he has been isolated and unused to co-operation.

Most of the European co-operative movements were strong enough in members and in business to lower materially the general price levels in their respective countries before the industrialist-financiers organized chain stores and their like — controlled, undemocratic companies with all the evils of bureaucratic management, profits to the few, and enormous political and economic power in the hands of the same few. In America co-ops have already saved consumers many millions of dollars, but in the cities they have sometimes appeared, by contrast, less able than the chains to give value and low prices to consumers. In a great many instances this advantage of the chains is only apparent. There is a great deal of deceptive price and value offered; merchandise is built to sell at what appears a bargain price, whereas it is really poor value for the money.

The co-op movement comes from the people. It is dependent on large numbers of members for its support and it is not likely to be dishonest or coercive. By following sound principles of service to consumers rather than seeking stock profits, the co-ops logically can give the consumer more for his money. In most instances they do. Co-ops make this democratic bias plain: unlimited membership, one vote per member, no voting by proxy, limited holdings of stock, limited interest on stock or loans, rebates only on the amount of patronage, business for cash, selling at market price, a reserve fund, and political and religious neutrality. Multiplied by millions of members, this means collective democratic power such as the world has never seen. The co-operative movement feels that there can be no true democracy until all men become aware of their democratic economic welfare. The insistence is on democratic control of economic interests, which means obeying the will of the majority; and the co-ops feel that the trend of history is with them.

III

THE SUDDEN growth of the consumer co-ops during the depression has alarmed many. Roger Babson warns that to laugh them off is to "sit on dynamite." The *Saturday Evening Post* says the co-op is a hocus-pocus "accomplished with the aid of mirrors." J. B. Matthews insists that co-ops sell bad, adulterated merchandise. The President of the I.G.A. (largest voluntary grocery chain) insists that consumer co-ops, in lowering prices, are starving producers and middlemen. Even the intellectuals, romantics, and radicals are critical, considering co-ops boring, weak palliatives,

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too late to achieve the economy of abundance and impotent to stave off fascism.

From my study of the subject it seems to me that the co-op is much beyond the realm of theory now; it is a principle proved and effective. Even the retailers who criticize and fear the co-ops have already extensively used the co-op principle for their own profit and advantage, as also, of course, have the producers. The consumer, too, is obviously determined to make use of this tried and effective tool; it is defying those who would keep the consumer helplessly unorganized and unco-operative.

One of the ironical facts for American consumers to digest is that British co-ops send their own ships to California to pick up from their own factories, there, foods which are sold to English co-op members at less than the American people pay!

As for the claim that the consumers' co-ops will rely on government subsidy, this is largely a myth, repudiated by co-op leaders. The Scott bill has never been reported out of committee.

Nobody knows better than the co-ops that government aid, tax exemptions, or other outside help weaken the movement by making it less self-reliant and by creating enemies among those who either seek government aid themselves or pay taxes. Nobody seeks self-sufficiency more than the co-ops, aiming to build a voluntary economic democracy that will stand sturdily on its own feet. At the same time the co-ops in their turn are obliged to keep an eye on the government, especially when other groups attempt to foster legislation hampering the free association of co-operative consumers — as in framing the NRA oil codes.

The debate on consumer co-ops ought to be fair. Paul Kunning in *Commerce* recently claimed that 34 States discriminate in favor of co-ops and that the federal government has subsidized them to the tune of $150,000,000. The facts are that 34 States have merely passed co-op incorporation laws, and a check on the $150,000,000 "subsidy" shows that it includes the TVA and the Federal Trade Commission!

The consumer co-op is a relatively small experiment, as yet in America, but a rapidly growing and significant one. It is not serving consumers as effectively as it can, once it grows still larger and more influential and is more ably administered, with a fully organized system of manufacturing supply. It may even alter its organization form to fit American conditions more fully, but it has inherent in it the principle of consumer self-help, and that is the keynote of today.

II — An Alien Method

***by* C. O. SHERRILL**

If consumer co-operatives can, in fair competition, provide the American public with any superior values or advantages, lower costs, lower prices, the way is wide open. The attitude of American retailers and other business institutions is certainly not hostile toward the right of any group joining together to establish factory, wholesale, or retail establishments, under the same conditions as do other mercantile enterprises.

But it is perfectly apparent that this is not what many advocates of consumer co-operatives plan or intend. Preferential treatment by the government (as is the plan of the Scott consumer's credit bill) is their objective, although some wiser leaders among them already see the fallacy of special subsidies.

Such preferential treatment by the government may include tax exemptions, direct monetary grants, the granting of lower rates of interest on loans than are given to other similar types of business, and special advan-

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tages in laws of incorporation, whether granted by the States or by the national government. Any of these preferential forms of assistance would naturally give to co-operatives a competitive advantage largely at the expense of the private business firms which pay taxes — taxes that would thus be used to their detriment. Since it is the avowed policy of our government to protect the merchant from unfair competition, surely discriminatory subsidies should hardly be seriously considered.

We can readily imagine conditions arising which would allow the development of a form of dangerous racketeering in the promotion of consumers' co-operatives by unscrupulous and skillful demagogues, who, with an evangelical appeal, might easily secure large numbers of memberships to organizations designed never to come into successful operation. These rackets could portray government subsidies as offering such alluring possibilities that the co-operatives in effect would descend to the level of the worst type of get-rich-quick scheme.

The retailers of the United States feel perfectly confident that, unless government subsidy and favoritism are given consumer co-operatives, they cannot serve the public any better than, probably not as well as, the retailers of the country already do. The American retailer, it is generally admitted, has been exceptionally alert and vigorous in providing service and values to consumers, certainly to a degree not matched in those countries where consumer co-operatives have grown apace. What the consumer co-op did in Europe to break the deadlock of inefficient retailing has been accomplished in America by the coming of department and chain store, mail-order, wagon, and house-to-house selling, supermarkets, and other new forms of competition, which have kept American retailing on its toes during decades past and by a process of elimination weeded out a great deal of high-cost distribution and poor retailing. At no time in American history has retailing been done at a lower cost to consumers and on lower margins of profit than today. Indeed this has, if anything, been carried to a fault, for a great many retailers have been giving away to the public large slices of their perfectly legitimate profit. Few countries know such slashing competitive pressure as obtains in retailing in the United States, nor such multiple facilities, services, and values. This is demonstrated by the headway American retail organizations have made in foreign countries, despite handicaps placed on them.

Competition is constantly changing; new retailers come in, old ones disappear. One establishment goes out of business, and another takes its place, bringing change and new problems for the remaining stores in the neighborhood. This has been going on from time immemorial, but never yet has the efficient American retailer failed to face and successfully meet the new competition, whether of the same type as its predecessor or of some different form presenting new problems to those affected by it. By the same token, I am confident that the competition of consumer co-operatives will be successfully met, if and when it appears.

II

THE PRINCIPAL incentive for the creation of consumer co-operatives in European countries is almost entirely lacking here in the United States — that is, the urgent necessity of reducing the cost of production and distribution so as to bring merchandise of a desirable quality within the reach of all at prices which they can afford to pay. America has already made long strides in this direction. It should be remembered that the consumer co-op movement has grown and flourished in those countries where distribution monopolies have been legalized and where modern mass-production and mass-distribution methods are not practiced. In those countries there has been no other adequate protection for the consumer. In the United States, where monopolies are rigidly prevented under the antitrust laws, the conditions essential for the growth of consumer co-operatives are not present as in such states as Sweden, where governmental cartels deliberately establish and perpetuate high monopoly prices of various kinds.

American industry must be alert to keep down to the lowest feasible level the costs of production and distribution. Unnecessary duplication of marketing efforts which raise the cost of distribution should be eliminated through close correlation of production and distribution procedures. Much can be done by a better relationship between retailers, whole-

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salers, and manufacturers in eliminating these wastes; and through these efforts the consumer will benefit by lowered costs of goods and a resulting higher standard of living.

Another important incentive in the development of these co-operatives in foreign lands has been a race or class consciousness under which large, closely related groups are actuated by common impulses and by common desires which induce them to shop in the same stores, to buy the same standardized types of goods, and to have a semireligious unity of purpose. This is not only very difficult to accomplish but not even very desirable in a nation with such widely diverse racial, community, and educational backgrounds as are found in the United States.

III

A CO-OPERATIVE society is a capitalistic society like any other private business carried on in the United States, whether it be a farmers' co-operative or a consumers' co-operative. It is certainly a business for profit and is designed to take the profit and distribute it to the management, to the stockholders, and to the purchasers, in proportion to the amount of merchandise they buy rather than to the stock they own. In fact, there are illustrations in various parts of the United States of private merchants who are today making distributions to their customers on the basis of merchandise purchased, through coupons or other devices, and no one thinks it unusual. This is not the normal procedure, it is true, of private business, but there is no reason why it should not be used by any retailer who sees fit to do so and finds it profitable.

Most American consumers are practical enough to want all their consumer buying advantages to be put in the *price* and not in some form of rebate or dividend or profit at some future time. Up to this time the private retailer has suffered little harm from consumer co-operatives, owing to their slow development and to the conviction of consumers that they were pretty well served — notwithstanding the promotional efforts of sponsors of this movement to develop consumer co-operatives from the bottom upward, as is their avowed objective. Such growth has been slower than in most other countries in the world. Bureau of Labor statistics for 1933 showed $108,000,000 in volume from 1,703 consumer co-ops competing fully with retailers. This was .43 per cent of total 1933 trade.

The consumer co-operative is certainly not a new thing in America, and its failure to grow faster in the past quarter of a century must be regarded as a fair index of the American public's preference. One can understand that in some more isolated sections of the country (where consumer co-ops have been showing most of their gains) the public may have become impatient with the backward retailing so often found there; the consumer in most cities and towns in America can see for himself that retailers are not getting rich serving him. In the presence of so much lively competition the average consumer has no desire to tie up his purchasing loyalty to one retail outlet. The American consumer likes his freedom, in choosing brands of goods, in store-to-store shopping, and in the type of outlet patronized. The consumer co-op is a limiting idea not at all palatable to the American consumer temperament; while the consumer usually senses that even a consumer co-op must pay rent, light, heat, salaries, and other standard costs and cannot perform any retailing or manufacturing miracles.

I do not see any likelihood whatever that the consumer co-operative has anything to offer the American public that has not already been given it generously in one form or another. To argue from its European status is to forget the immense differences in so many fundamental ways between America and other countries.

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Sex Freedom and the Family

by **JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY**

THERE IS a general feeling abroad today that family life is vanishing from the world, that when industrialism destroyed the home as a center for the production of goods it all but destroyed the home as well. What once the members of a family did as a group under a single roof they now do severally under many roofs. They work in the factory, the office, and the shop. They play in the dance hall, the motorcar, and the cinema. They relax in the club and eat in the cafeteria. When they go home it is chiefly to sleep.

There is also a general feeling abroad that the moral as well as the physical bonds of family life are failing. Modern women have demanded freedom and to a large extent have got it. Fathers and husbands no longer rule the roost, because the rule as well as the roost is disappearing. They can no longer dictate the lives of daughters and wives who are economically independent, who are emotionally and chemically able to have as few children and as many love affairs as they desire.

From these and other ominous portents, such a thoughtful writer as Langdon-Davies predicts the ultimate doom of the old-fashioned home and family. He believes that industrialism will destroy them utterly, no less in capitalistic than in communistic states; that indeed in Russia and America it will do so first. One group of women will become slaves in the factory as formerly they were slaves in the home. Another will work in offices and shops, economically and emotionally free from the compulsions of a stable marriage. Another will become completely parasitic but with such perfect control over the male hosts as to make them mere automatons. This group, according to Langdon-Davies, will rule the world, and its idle whims will motivate it. The only domesticated women of the old school will be a few dull peasants, raising their children and their chickens in the country.

The moralists are hardly more flattering or reassuring. They agree with Langdon-Davies that family life is sinking toward the grave, but (being for the most part women who love their freedom) they do not see the emancipation of women as the cause. They see, instead, the decline of religion and the rise of movies, automobiles, and drink. Above all, they see the ogre of sex.

Beneath this cynicism and alarm is the tacit assumption that the family is a tender bloom which must surely wither if women be allowed to work and to sin as men do; that only in a hothouse of fear and oppression can it thrive. There is a tacit assumption that the family is something which society puts on as casually as a fop puts on a boutonniere and as capriciously throws it away. There is, in short, a feeling that the family is synonymous with the marriage conventions which happen to house it in certain civilized societies today; that the one must crumble with the other.

The form of marriage, to be sure, has been as fragile as glass. Man is the only animal that ever lacked automatic and unquestionable answers to the problems of sex, because he is the only animal that ever possessed an imagination and a conscience. In so far as human history has had any special significance in the dictionary of terrestrial biography, it has dealt with the attempt to impose some sort of moral order on the crude expedients of existence. In so far as it has had any significance, it has also dealt with a chronic dissatisfaction in the results.

From the beginning, men have sought the perfect compromise between their mating instinct and their honor, and from the beginning they have failed to find it. But, though the form of the compromise has vastly varied, the fundamentals of human nature have remained essentially the same. When contemporary alarmists assume that the collapse of the home

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and Victorian morality means also the collapse of the family, they abandon history for hysteria. The ancestors of men lived in families long before they lived in clothes. There are good reasons for believing that the family is as inherent in the nature of men as the quack in the nature of ducks.

The Mothering Instinct

The complex mixture of animal associations on earth is a broth that has been boiling for more than 1,000,000,000 years. By piecing together what the paleontologist, the biologist, and the anthropologist know of these associations, something may be learned about when and how and why the family relationship eventually stewed forth. That it did not do so through an arbitrary flip on the part of some human cook is obvious from even a cursory glance at the evidence.

The one-celled organisms constitute the simplest form of life on earth today. They also suggest what was probably its earliest form, in a day so remote that not even fossils have survived to record it. Between these organisms and men lies the widest gap in the living world. An amoeba is not only simpler than a man. It is fundamentally different.

Man is an elaborate society within himself. He is a multitude of individuals called cells combined in a lesser multitude of counties called tissues, which in turn are gathered into states that are known as organs. Each has its individual and its corporate pursuits. Over all presides the fascist dictatorship of the brain, with storm troops of nerves that reach into every corner of the kingdom.

An amoeba, on the other hand, is a completely autonomous unit, the only thoroughgoing individualist that ever lived. In one cell, invisible to the eye, he performs many of the functions that a whale performs with a body of 80 tons. He eats without stomach or gut, breathes without gills or lungs, travels without fins, wings, or legs, reproduces without organs of reproduction, and makes his way in the world without a nervous system to direct him.

He is as unsocial in his relationship with his fellows as he is undepartmentalized within himself. No one has ever described any tribal customs among the amoebae. Though a million of them may attack the unhappy colon of a white man in the tropics, there is no observable organization of their forces, no controlled division of the spoils. Each one is a rugged individualist.

The love life of the amoeba is equally rugged. Moralists who dislike him for his predatory propensities will dislike him even more for his amours. For these have little demonstrable connection with reproduction and are casual to an extreme. When an amoeba gets enough food to grow large, he reproduces by the simple device of dividing in two. His occasional act of conjugation is not necessarily preliminary to the process and indeed has been known to retard it.

When two amoebae clasp and exchange their internal liquors, the entire body of each seems to function as a sexual organ. When the encounter is over, each one goes its private way, most likely never to meet the other again. No family relationship has ever been known to embrace it or to follow it. Biologists cannot yet define the nature of the tonic inherent in this simplest of sexual acts. Its benefits, whatever they may be, are purely personal.

Two dominant tendencies have marked the evolution of life from the condition of the amoeba to the condition of civilized man. One was the tendency of animals to grow progressively more complex. The other was the tendency of sex to become less the servant of the individual and more the slave of the race. The family relationship in the higher animals was the logical fruit of the union of these two tendencies.

The anatomical and social gulf between a one-celled amoeba and a many-celled sponge is wide, but it was bridged in the very dawn of geologic history. The sponges preserved in the oldest fossiliferous strata on earth are the oldest tokens of organization in the living world: the organization of mutually dependent cells in the bodies of living animals and of mutually dependent animals in a colony. If these creatures were as similar to living sponges in physiology as they are in form and structure, they are also the oldest tokens of the conscription of sex to the purpose of reproduction.

Nature consumed an untold eon in bridging the gulf between the earliest sponges and the earliest insects. She consumed another eon in evolving the flowering plants and, with them, such socially advanced insects as the bees. But the differences between a sponge and a bee

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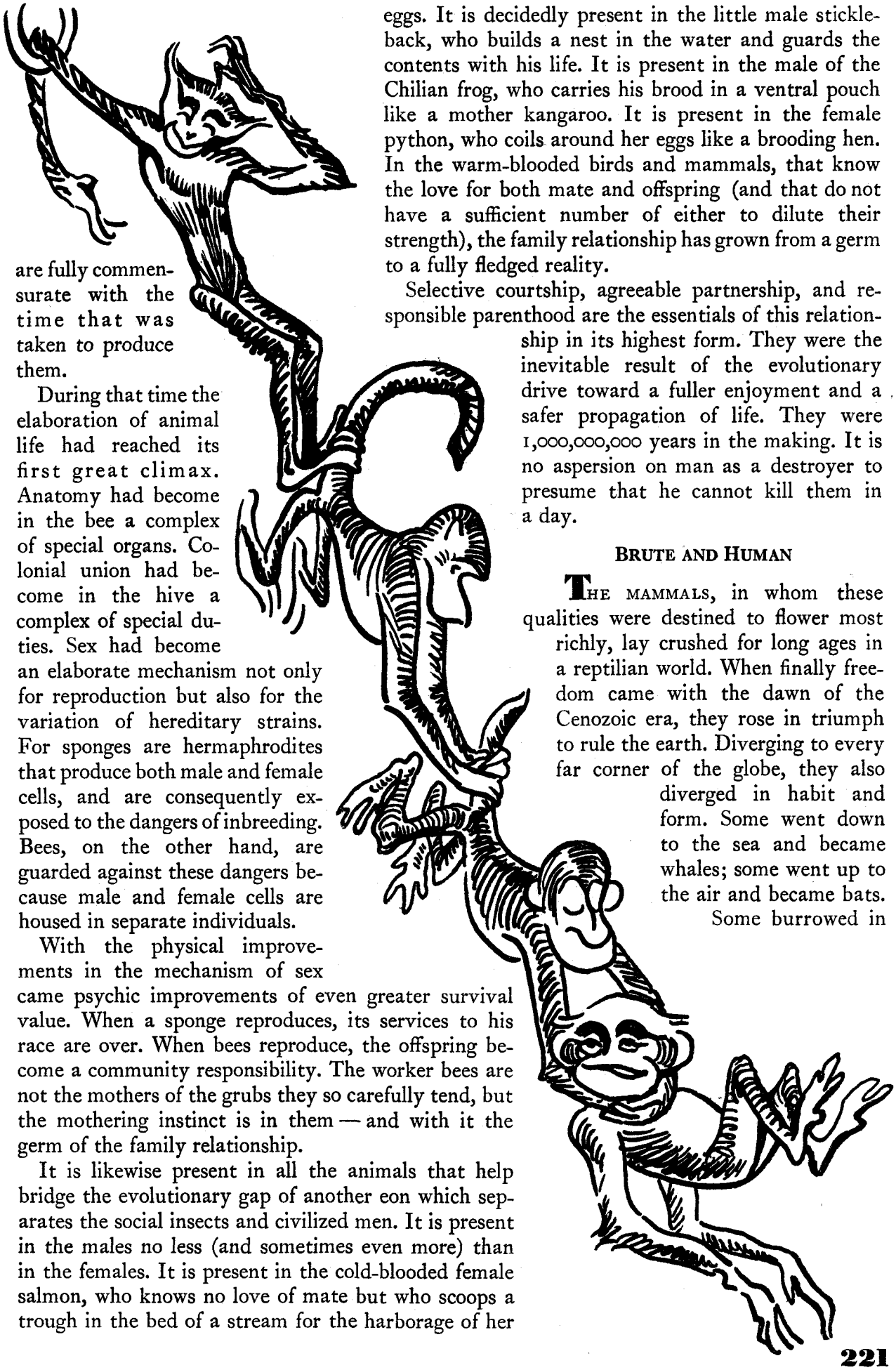

are fully commensurate with the time that was taken to produce them.

During that time the elaboration of animal life had reached its first great climax. Anatomy had become in the bee a complex of special organs. Colonial union had become in the hive a complex of special duties. Sex had become an elaborate mechanism not only for reproduction but also for the variation of hereditary strains. For sponges are hermaphrodites that produce both male and female cells, and are consequently exposed to the dangers of inbreeding. Bees, on the other hand, are guarded against these dangers because male and female cells are housed in separate individuals.

With the physical improvements in the mechanism of sex came psychic improvements of even greater survival value. When a sponge reproduces, its services to his race are over. When bees reproduce, the offspring become a community responsibility. The worker bees are not the mothers of the grubs they so carefully tend, but the mothering instinct is in them — and with it the germ of the family relationship.

It is likewise present in all the animals that help bridge the evolutionary gap of another eon which separates the social insects and civilized men. It is present in the males no less (and sometimes even more) than in the females. It is present in the cold-blooded female salmon, who knows no love of mate but who scoops a trough in the bed of a stream for the harborage of her eggs. It is decidedly present in the little male stickleback, who builds a nest in the water and guards the contents with his life. It is present in the male of the Chilian frog, who carries his brood in a ventral pouch like a mother kangaroo. It is present in the female python, who coils around her eggs like a brooding hen. In the warm-blooded birds and mammals, that know the love for both mate and offspring (and that do not have a sufficient number of either to dilute their strength), the family relationship has grown from a germ to a fully fledged reality.

Selective courtship, agreeable partnership, and responsible parenthood are the essentials of this relationship in its highest form. They were the inevitable result of the evolutionary drive toward a fuller enjoyment and a safer propagation of life. They were 1,000,000,000 years in the making. It is no aspersion on man as a destroyer to presume that he cannot kill them in a day.

Brute and Human

The mammals, in whom these qualities were destined to flower most richly, lay crushed for long ages in a reptilian world. When finally freedom came with the dawn of the Cenozoic era, they rose in triumph to rule the earth. Diverging to every far corner of the globe, they also diverged in habit and form. Some went down to the sea and became whales; some went up to the air and became bats. Some burrowed in

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the ground and became moles; some put on weight and became elephants. Many took to running over the grassy plains and became horses, antelopes, and sheep; others took to chasing them and became cats and dogs. A few made their home in the trees and became monkeys and apes. But, wherever they went and whatever they became, they lived in family groups.

Endlessly diverse though mammals are in form and habit, there are only two fundamentally different types of family relationship among them. One type occurs in monkeys, apes, and men, who are perennial lovers. The other occurs in all other mammals, which are seasonal.

Responsible parenthood is the basic element of family life, and both these types embrace it. But in the seasonal mammals the responsibilities of parenthood are grossly neglected by the males, and the other essentials are all but neglected by male and female alike. Marriage is neither carefully contracted nor faithfully preserved. So far as the mating pair is concerned, it exists only during and for the sexual act, because the sexes are attracted to one another only when the females are in heat.

Moralists who call the perennial eroticism of men beastly choose a strange adjective to express their disapprobation. Perennial eroticism is peculiarly an attribute of man and his manlike kin. Not only that, but it is the attribute which more than any other has made possible the fullest flowering of the family relationship. For only among mates with a year-round sexual need for one another could the year-round partnership of the human family develop.

Baboons are not the highest of the subhuman anthropoids, but they are the highest that thrive in captivity. Large colonies of them have been long maintained and deeply studied. Attempt has been made to duplicate in these colonies the conditions of the natural environment. In as much as baboons are not notably self-conscious, their behavior there is probably not far from normal.

What especially distinguishes it from the behavior of seasonal mammals is not only the incessant preoccupation with sex but the permanent associations which grow out of it. Measured by the standard of civilized human ethics these associations are not ideal. They are polygamous whenever there are sufficient females to make polygamy possible and whenever there are males sufficiently strong to commandeer more females than their share. Though adultery has never been observed in a baboon colony, it is outlawed by the jealousy and possessiveness of the male rather than by the love and devotion of the female. Though children are carefully nursed by their mothers, they are overlooked by their fathers; and as soon as they can walk they are spurned by both. Yet under the crudity and cruelty of the baboon harem are the rudiments of the family in its human form: the union of husband, wife, and child.

Proximity is not the only ingredient of ideal love between a man and a woman today, but it is the fundamental one. Similarly, it must have been fundamental in the racial development of that emotion. Love as practiced by baboons today may yesterday have been practiced by the ancestors of men. And just as perennial sexual hunger made possible this primitive type of love by insuring a permanent association of mates, so also it made possible the more idealized types.

The manlike apes are biologically as far above the baboons as man is above the manlike apes. Their love lives occupy a comparably intermediate level. The brutal dominance of the male baboon gives way in the chimpanzee to gentler tactics. Indeed, though the elaborate courtship of this ape does not include any honeyed words or maudlin verse, it is similar in most other details to human courtship. The marriage that follows is not performed at an altar, but it is based on mutual consent without coercion. The love that initiates and sustains the marriage is decidedly not Platonic,

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but it fosters companionship between compatible mates and their offspring. As such it may well epitomize an early stage in the ennoblement of human passion.

No one precisely knows what manner of love may lie between the manlike apes and man. The ancestors of men were probably a large-brained edition of the chimpanzee, and their family relationship was doubtless commensurably advanced. They probably roamed through the forests in little family groups, because food in the forest is generally too scarce and scattered to sustain any larger or more stationary organization. But the germs of cunning and invention were in their heads. They varied their diet of fruit with meat and, later, with food which they raised for themselves. The aisle that led from the forest to the farm was a long and dangerous passage. From fighting its dangers, humanity was born. From fighting its dangers in family groups, the human type of altruistic love was also born.

Though a million men may seem to squander the fruit of this victory for a whim, man as a species will continue to preserve it. He will do so — if for no other reason — because, being man, he cannot possibly do otherwise.

The Role of Promiscuity

Anthropologists have loaded our libraries with descriptions of marriage customs and taboos, the variety of which is an overwhelming proof that no one form of the family may alone be considered "natural" in man. What is "natural" is that there is some emotional union of mother, father, and child. It is significant that no anthropologist has ever discovered a completely promiscuous people, wherein all the women are prostitutes and all the men are rakes. Fornication and adultery have no doubt bombarded the family from the start, but the fortress still stands. Those who fear that it is rapidly crumbling today are thinking less of the family than of its monogamous form.

The current trend is only in keeping with the precedent of human history. Civilized man's adjustment to his sexual impulse has always been as violent and irrational as the impulse itself. Periods of license have mothered chiefly unthinking disgust and fear; periods of suppression, unthinking lust and revolt. No other animal has ever been so violently at odds with itself. For no other animal has ever had the conscience to be at times so moral or the imagination to be at other times so immoral.

The present period of sexual freedom, however, differs from all its predecessors. In these differences lies the promise of a future compromise between the physical and moral natures of man happier than he has generally achieved in the past. Contraceptives are fairly reliable antidotes for the more virulent poisons of sex. They have already made sex less dangerous than it ever has been before. No doubt they have made promiscuous intercourse easier than it ever has been before. But, by restricting the family to a size that is desirable to the parents and advantageous to the children, contraceptives have also made it more difficult for the sensual to destroy the spiritual values of human affection.

The moralist is inclined to forget that the sexual freedom of the modern world is not exclusively the freedom of debauch. It is also the freedom to enjoy and promote durable satisfactions of love. Sexual conquest is still one of the supreme acts of self-assertion among men. It probably always will be. But unless the trend of 1,000,000,000 years turns back upon itself, sex will never again exist universally for itself alone. Men will never universally return to the habits of the amoeba.

Indeed, unless the trend of 1,000,000,000 years reverses, sex should become increasingly subservient to the family — to the family not only as a reproductive but also as a social unit. The family should grow more, rather than less, tightly knit. Monogamy should become its real as well as its authorized form among a gaining percentage of civilized people.

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Dixie Needs No Cotton Picker

by **JAMES S. BEALLE**

JOHN AND MACK Rust alarmed eastern technologists by demonstrating a newly invented cotton-picking machine on a farm near Stoneville, Mississippi, last year.

The machine fumbled a bit here and there, skipped a few bolls, picked a few of the unripe along with the ripe, and snatched fragments of green leaves, but its demeanor was commendable enough to start "brain trusters" worrying about the future of the South, where for generations cotton has been picked by hand.

Congressmen, economists, and editors outside the cotton belt viewed the machine, which does the work of 80 handpickers, as a black cloud on the South's horizon, the Stoneville demonstration as the forerunner of the most throbbing technological headache of a century.

Washington correspondents sprinkled the nation's front pages with quotes from senators and labor leaders who thought the South would be beaten into economic chaos by a machine destined, if it ever worked perfectly, to throw millions out of work.

One Southern congressman, Edward Hull Crump, of Memphis, who has never made a speech in Congress, was so sharp in his denunciation as to advise legislating the machine and all others like it out of existence.

If it ever attains mass production, at a cost within reach of the farmer, the white-haired monarch of Tennessee politics believes, the Southern negroes will have nothing to do and "millions of them will be idle."

Every year in August, since Congressman Crump was a boy, he has seen the singing armies of negroes streaming across the Mississippi River bridge at Memphis, into the fields of eastern Arkansas, at cotton-picking time.

Barring the Southern negro's gateway to the cotton fields when the crop is ready to be picked is, to Congressman Crump, a regrettable step in the wrong direction.

He wants no such job-killing monster whirring in the Memphis trade area where more than 1,000,000 live on farms.

Others who viewed the demonstration at Stoneville as "bad news" were optimistic enough to hope that the machine might create as many jobs as it took away. But they reminded us that it would not be the negroes who pick the cotton who would be employed as machinists and laborers in the factories where the machines are to be made, no more than jobless railway engineers become truck drivers, or streetcar motormen whom the parade has passed by learn to drive busses.

In any discussion of the mechanical cotton picker, it might be well to point out that about 2,500 have been invented in the past 75 or 80 years. The government has actually granted patents on more than half of them. Some were practical, others impractical. They were never improved or perfected, not so much because it is impossible to build such a machine as because the South does not need it; for every successful invention must be mothered by necessity.

At Stoneville, however, all agreed that man had come closer than ever before to building a machine capable of supplanting the human hand in harvesting the greatest of all the world's money crops.

John and Mack Rust built a mechanical picker on the elementary theory that dry cotton fiber clings to moistened metal. Recalling the plight of the doubting Thomases who laughed at the first locomotive, the first steamboat, the first automobile, and the first grain reaper, few of the men who saw the machine work are skeptical of its ability eventually to perform magnificently. And the inventors

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warn, "Remember, it's already more perfect than the first Ford."

Although eastern technologists are still worried, the men who have tramped through the dusty cotton fields below the Mason-Dixon line feel that there is no reason to fear a South-wide unemployment problem even if a flawless machine is offered the farmer, delivered and fully equipped, with silver-plated mountings thrown in. For the need for it is very limited.

Many point to the success of the grain reaper, and ask, "If the reaper works, then why not the cotton picker?"

Aside from the fact that the reaper's task is more simplified, enabling it to perform more neatly, there is another reason, equally as important, why we have the grain reaper and not the mechanical cotton picker.

Cyrus Hall McCormick invented the reaper, after many heartbreaking setbacks, and built his first factory at Chicago in 1844. There was a crying need for a grain reaper. A young nation was trying to move west before getting on its feet. Vast territories had to be cleared, in the opening of that West. The nation needed men and food. McCormick's reaper was the answer to both problems.

The first demonstration of the reaper was in 1831, and now the South, 105 years later, has both men and food.

The strong demand for the reaper already had cleared for it a place in the agricultural sun long before it was invented. Necessity brought it into being, but what about the necessity (or lack of it) for a mechanical cotton picker in the South in 1937?

II

BETWEEN 2,000,000 and 5,000,000 people participate in stripping the "white gold" from the fields every year. A breakdown of the figures indicates that, should the business of picking cotton by hand become nonexistent, in this twentieth-century battle of man vs. machine, the South would little know the difference. A negro who picks 125 pounds a day is considered above the average. For his labors, he receives 60 to 85 cents a day. Four negroes pick 500 pounds. Four million cotton pickers, working 10 days each, pick 10,000,000 bales, more cotton than the nation will grow this year. Therefore the 4,000,000 hand pickers would receive an aggregate of something between $24,000,000 and $34,000,000 a year.

But this estimate is based on ginned cotton, overlooking the fact that one third or one half of the weight of raw cotton is in the seed, bringing the possible maximum paid annually up to $48,000,000 — with estimates running between $30,000,000 and $48,000,000.

But the loss of between $30,000,000 and $48,000,000 to 4,000,000 people would not affect the economic status of the South, for the aggregate involved in the business of picking cotton is even smaller than the amount that goes into the manufacture, sale, and repair of bagatelle games, for example, estimated at $50,000,000 a year. That craze will die out in a few years, if it follows the course of most fads, but no one is worried about its passing, for, even though it keeps $50,000,000 a year in circulation, it is unimportant to the nation's industrial scheme.

So, if the cotton-picking machine does come along one day in trim fashion, it will not endanger enough jobs to affect the South's stability.

The $30,000,000-to-$48,000,000 figure is arrived at on the basis of what cotton pickers would receive only if every farmer hired the proper number of pickers, according to the 125-pounds-a-day scale, and paid them a uniform wage. Only on paper does the figure work out, for actually nothing like that amount changes hands during the cotton-picking season or thereafter.

The number of people who pick cotton cannot be accurately ascertained. There are no cotton pickers known strictly as such, for that work is a comparatively small part of their lives.

So disorganized is the business that the census bureau does not attempt to determine the number who invade the fields at dawn and emerge at sunset with overflowing heavy baskets. The cotton picker works at his task no longer — usually not as long — as the white-collar worker is on vacation every year.

He does not depend on picking cotton for a living, any more than an industrial employee depends on the Christmas bonus given him by his concern. Or any more than a man with $8,000 in the bank depends on the interest his money earns.

Then who are the cotton pickers, if they are not cotton pickers? They are farmers; sons,

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daughters, and wives of farmers; trappers; servants; plantation hands; errand boys; school children; tenant farmers; share croppers; lawn mowers — anything, everything.

Most of the city negroes at one time lived on farms. Thousands of them go back once a year, at cotton-picking time, for there is a chance to work while they are there and make expenses. If cotton-picking machines become commonplace, these negroes will remain at their jobs in the city, many earning more money than they would have received for picking cotton. Stopping these thousands from returning to the farm for a few days every year would not tend to increase the unemployment problem in the South.

The Alabama "black belt," where lies the State's richest soil, furnishes a notable example of city-dwelling negroes returning to the farms to pick cotton once a year; but what would the cotton-picking machine do for the other 500,000 negroes who live the year round on farms in the black belt?

III

From five to twenty families of negroes live on most of the larger black-belt plantations. Consider, as an example, the case of a plantation owner who operates a farm tenanted by ten negro families.

He owns a small store or commissary, allowing his negroes credit throughout the year.

He needs the ten families twelve months in the year, for truck crops are to be cultivated, gathered, and marketed; fences mended; houses and huts built and repaired; ground broken; cows milked; chickens fed; watermelons brought in; cotton planted; and cotton chopped. Wood must be cut, fodder stored in the barn, hogs killed, various other labors performed.

He has enough work every day in the year for these ten families. The same ten families are on the plantation, however, with nothing to do when cotton-picking time comes along.

So these negroes pick the cotton, and no outside help is brought in. What advantage would it be to this farmer to buy a machine, at any price?

It is true, of course, that the plantation owner "pays" the negroes for picking the cotton, but, under the system by which he "pays" them, he would not benefit, financially, if he paid them nothing for getting the crop.

He has it figured out this way: Each negro family needs from $140 to $190 every year. The farmer has no ironclad bookkeeping system. He sees that his families receive throughout the year whatever they require to live — and little more. They cannot subsist on less than he pays them, and, if he did not "pay" them for picking cotton, he would have to provide them with the same amount of money as in previous years, for he cannot reduce the number of hands on his farm. Therefore buying a cotton-picking machine, at any price, would be poor economy; for he already has hand pickers whom he will have to "pay," whether they pick his cotton or not.

He allows the negro families credit at his store; gives them food from his farm; buys medicine, clothing, and other necessities for them. Picking cotton is only one of their many duties, and, as long as they are being paid anyway, why should he have the cotton picked by machine? His yearly profits would simply be reduced by whatever amount he spent for a mechanical picker and its upkeep.

This situation exists similarly on many of the larger farms in Mississippi, Louisiana, eastern Texas, eastern Arkansas, western Tennessee, Georgia, and southwest Missouri, as well as southern Alabama's black belt.

It must be remembered that the cotton-growing sections, except in Texas and part of Tennessee, lead the nation's illiteracy columns. Eking out an existence on whatever the white plantation owner can afford or is willing to pay him is often the only recourse the negro has. Not as bad an arrangement as it sounds, considering that the farmer supports the negro families in off years and gives them the security of a home, with all necessities, for life.

Such cases as this reduce drastically the $30,000,000 to $48,000,000 which goes to cotton pickers in theory. This type of farm furnishes 37 per cent of the nation's cotton.

It is true that farmers have installed many laborsaving devices, but a great percentage of them handle work that must, for different reasons, be done fast. Such as the planter — for it enables the farmer to plant larger territories on good days in the spring, when the weather is uncertain. But rain is never a hindrance in August, the picking month, for there are long stretches of rainless days.

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IV

Fifty-two per cent of the cotton are grown on farms which yield two to four bales annually. If you drive over a roadway in the more hilly sections of the South late in the summer, a carpet of green stretches below. It is studded with dots of white. Here is the cotton in its ripening stage.

Against the grim panorama of the hills lies a farmhouse. Walk past the barking dog, rap at the aging wooden door, and meet a man whose face has felt the steam of fresh-plowed ground. He is the "average" Southern farmer, who grows two to four bales of cotton a year. He is one of a majority.

He will be out there picking the cotton himself in a few days, with the aid of his yellow-headed children, sometimes his wife, and the negro family that lives uncomfortably in a cabin down at the end of the rustic lane.

Part of his cotton is on hills, and the rows are short. The cotton picker would work inefficiently here. But suppose it did work efficiently; what inducement is there for this farmer to buy it?

Virtually none.

For the negro family has lived in the cabin for years, helping him with the chores of the farm, among them cotton picking. The darkies carry water from the bubbling spring at the foot of the hill to the farmhouse, kill hogs after the first cold spell, nurse the baby chicks, steal a rooster for the pot now and then, and work at everything that is to be done.

And the little red schoolhouse two miles up the highway does not open until after all the cotton is picked and the children are home. In frayed sun hats, they're in the field, doing their part in getting the cotton ready to go to the gin.

The negro family is illiterate, but its members are satisfied with having the farmer feed them, clothe them, and give them money to buy necessities.

In bad years they share the hardships of the farmer and in good years they share his successes. No money is passed around for picking cotton. They pick it as one of their many ways of assisting the farmer.

Buying a cotton machine would be, for this farmer, foolhardy, for there's not a more inexpensive way under the Southern sun of getting the cotton picked than the system he operates under. Give him a cotton picker, and at the end of the year he would find that he had paid the negro family as much as when they helped him pick the cotton by hand.

The roar of a million Rust machines couldn't frighten this farmer into disturbing his tradi-

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tional schedule, handed down to him by his father. And there are 710,000 in the South like him.

He does not defraud the family at the end of the lane. The negroes need him; he needs the negroes; and all are content. He can't always support the negro as he would like to or as the negro would like him to; but the negro understands. In bad years, the negro family supplements farm earnings by selling the hide of the raccoon, timber to a nearby mill, firewood in the village, or milk to the nearest dairy.

Fifty-two per cent of our cotton grow on that type of farm, and a mechanical picker has no place there.

Farther down the highway lives a farmer who produces about the same amount of cotton. No negroes live on his land, but a mile across the semiswamp live two families of them. The negroes do a small amount of farming themselves but find time to work for the white farmer.

They owe him money, for he has advanced them funds, by degrees, for a gold tooth, clothing, shoes, medicine. They work off the debt on a schedule basis. Each family will receive $175 for doing all the work around his farm for a year. For picking cotton, he pays them 75 cents per 125 pounds.

If a machine crowded them out of their cotton-picking earnings, the farmer still would have to pay them $175 a year in order to keep them available when he needed them. He is another type of farmer who is not interested in talking to salesmen of cotton-picking machines. In the South, there are 175,000 like him.

Still farther along the highway, the terrain begins to flatten out. A parade of small farms sweeps by. Each family picks its own cotton. If any need assistance, they call in neighboring farmers, returning the favor another time. This is the system used by upwards of 180,000 farmers.

This type of farm — small farms not widely separated — is where the inventors of the Rust machine believe the "community ownership" plan will work most effectively, with closely grouped farmers splitting the cost of buying and maintaining the machine. They overlook the point, however, that any contribution at all toward a machine would be an added, rather than a reduced, expense in the long run, for the small farmers have time to pick their own cotton, with the aid of their families, and there is no need of a laborsaving device.

V

MEMPHIS is the scene of the largest mass migration of city negroes toward the cotton fields at picking time.

Queues of Negroes — hundreds of them — gather at the Arkansas end of the mile-long bridge just before dawn late in August, when the cotton is ready for picking. Men, women, and children join the growing crowd, waiting for trucks to carry them to the cotton fields. There are noisy farewells in the denim-clad army; now and then you hear a burly black-amoor speak sharply to the dice.

They are part of an army of 350,000 negroes who leave Southern cities, where most are gainfully employed, to join the cotton pickers, for many reasons. It is not always the money that lures them. It may be relatives or friends still living on the plantations.

In two or three weeks, they ride back into the city, handfuls at a time, atop bales of cotton on its way to the waterfront. Few of them have money to show for their labor. It has been spent for a new gold tooth or in one terrific Saturday night. What money they have never gets to the bank or to merchants.

The Rust machine would end this mass migration in Memphis, as it would in many other Southern cities, but in so doing it would not contribute to unemployment. For the negroes were largely employed when they left the cities, and they will find work there again.

Thirty-eight per cent of the farms in eastern Arkansas are operated on a share-crop basis. The share croppers have adequate time to pick the cotton themselves, with little or no outside assistance. Rental or purchase of a machine would only reduce the amount to be divided at the end of the season.

Neither does the tenant-farming plan offer a fertile field for mechanical cotton picking, for the same reason. Tenant farmers as a rule contribute, with their families, 80 per cent of the labor in picking the cotton. With their part of the yield as small as it is, who could doubt the wisdom of their refusal to withstand the extra expense of buying or renting a machine? The fact that 72 per cent of the farms in Mississippi are tenant-operated, as well as 68 per cent in Georgia, 66 in Louisiana, 64 in Alabama, and

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63 in Arkansas, further limits the list of prospective customers for Rust machines.

Six hundred thousand school children — not a number to be overlooked — stay out of school until the cotton is on its way to the gin. In the rural districts where school children are preponderantly sons and daughters of farmers, the schools do not attempt to open until the cotton has been picked.

All of the 600,000 do not pick cotton, but two thirds of them do, and they are not paid for their work. Their parents need their assistance if they are to keep them supplied with the necessities of life. There, again, is another major deduction from the $30,000,000 to $48,000,000 that theoretically — and theoretically only — goes into wages for picking cotton.

The larger buyers and well-informed cotton men of the South disagree with technologists that the cotton machine will ever cause mass unemployment.

C. G. Henry, head of the Mid-South Cotton Co-operative Association, believes the machine, if practical at all, would be of more benefit to the West and the Southwest than the South. He says:

> They plant and cultivate cotton in Texas and Oklahoma by tractor and must import cheap labor from Mexico to pick it. We have plenty of cotton pickers in the mid-South and we need common labor to cultivate it.

Dr. Tait Butler, one of the South's leading farm editors, saw no cause for alarm over the unemployment threat:

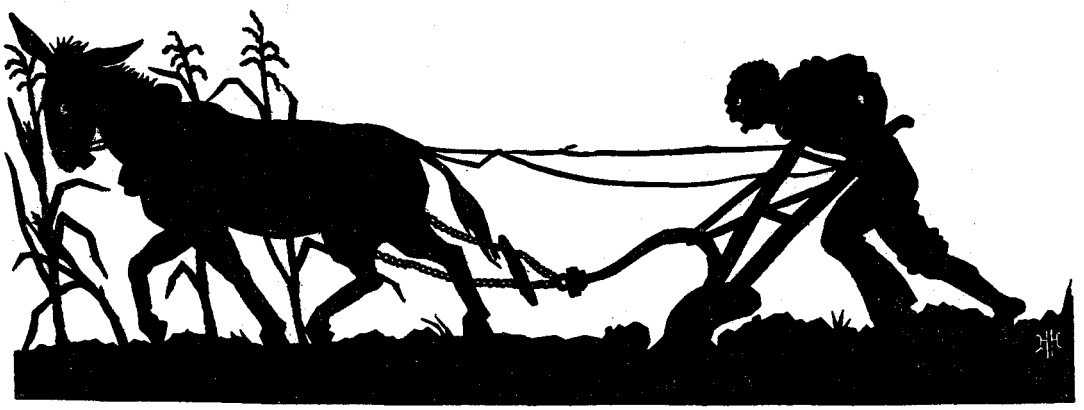
> There will be no social revolution. The picker will be introduced over a period of ten to twenty years, even if it works. Only the big farms will be able to afford a picker. The only way small farms can use them is on a share system, and Southern farmers are not familiar with the practice of small grain farmers who give the thresher-owner part of their crop for his services. A collectively owned picker would not work because the farmers would never agree as to who would use it first.

Dabney Crump, one of Memphis' largest cotton buyers, does not doubt that the picker is sound in principle, but he foresees no economic or sociological upheaval:

> Even if it works, it does not mean that common labor will disappear from the cotton farm. It would give the tenants an opportunity to grow and harvest more feed crops.

The situation is easily summarized — the Southern farmer has no great need for a cotton picking machine. He can arrange for his cotton to be picked for less money under the present system. So is there any reason to believe he will change?

Crowds cheered wildly at 45 demonstrations of McCormick's reaper during the thirteen years he worked on it. There was a reason for their enthusiasm. America needed his invention. But there will be no loud cheers, except cheers of tribute to inventive genius, for the Rust cotton picker. Dixie doesn't need it.



In an early issue:
"What I Like About America,"
by Lin Yutang

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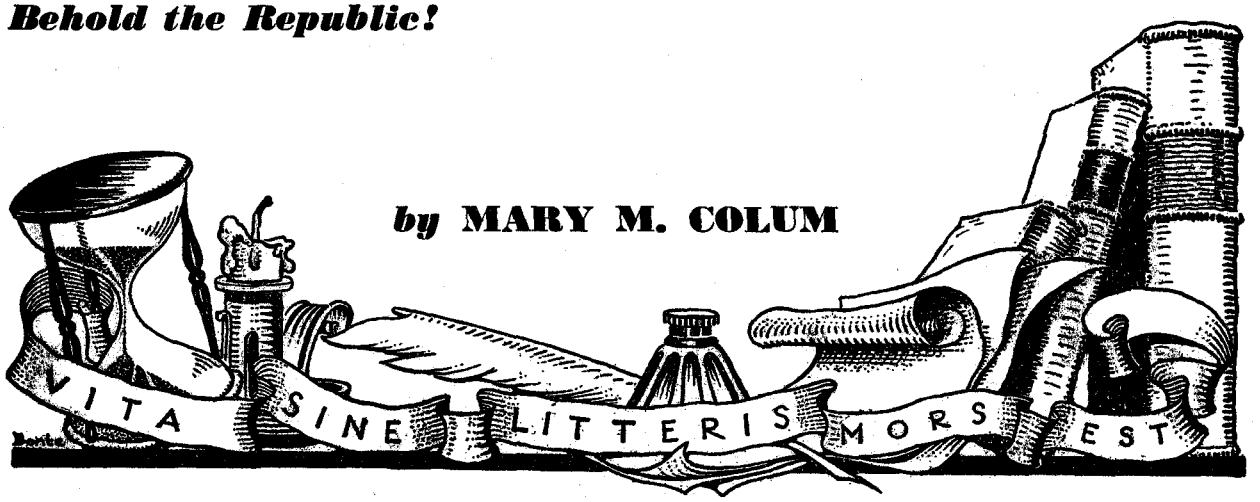
Life and Literature*

Behold the Republic!



by **MARY M. COLUM**

VACHEL LINDSAY used to say that when Bryan, the Great Commoner, addressed an audience and sonorously exhorted, "Bee-hold the Ree-public," one thereupon beheld the Republic and saw the United States pass by as in an apocalyptic vision. A very great number of learned and other personages are at present engaged in beholding it and setting down the result in books. But for any one writer to get the whole vision of the Republic and so set down an "image" of it, as in Elizabethan times men used to write the Image of England or the Image of France is an almost impossible undertaking. The country is too large, and the sort of a writer who could think nationally around all the interests that make up the Republic does not, at the moment, appear to exist. To write such an "image" a man would have to be gifted in many ways, as gifted as one of the great publicists of the eighteenth century. The Republic deserves the wit and ardor of a Montesquieu and a Burke, the daring and irony of a Diderot and a Voltaire. But we have to be content with an array of volumes none of which envisages the country as a whole, and none of which is done by a writer with that largeness of mind and largeness of knowledge commensurate with the vast interests of the country.

PRESENT DISCONTENTS

THE MOST dramatic political interest before the nation as we write is the issue of the Constitution and the Supreme Court, and, while neither my readers nor myself are experts on either, that is no reason why we should not appraise the books that are being written to inform us. Among the avalanche of writing on the subject the most interesting and comprehensible is Morris Ernst's *The Ultimate Power*. Many of the others are excruciatingly dull, and in a print-ridden world the average reader is to be forgiven if he inclines to the most entertaining book on such an abstruse subject, provided, of course, its scholarship is accurate. Some inaccuracies have been pointed out in *The Ultimate Power*, but these do not seem to be unduly serious.

Morris Ernst's book is partly a history and partly a social pamphlet. It is a pamphlet dealing with Present Discontents; it is the history of how the American Constitution came to be written and implemented; and it is a pamphlet against the usurpation of power by the Supreme Court. It is impossible to read the two great foundation documents, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution (one can read both of them together in about 40 minutes or less) without realizing that they came out of rich human material, probably the best human material that was ever assembled in any age for

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* The Ultimate Power, *by Morris Ernst (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00);* The Nine Old Men, *by Drew Pearson & Robert S. Allen (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00);* Modern Politics and Administration, *by Marshall E. Dimock (American Book, $3.00);* America: A Re-Appraisal, *by Harold E. Stearns (Hillman-Curl, $3.00);* Fifty Million Brothers, *by Charles W. Ferguson (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00);* Here's to Crime, *by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little, Brown, $2.75).*

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a political purpose. They represent the free, hopeful, reasonable eighteenth-century mind, attached to the adventurous American spirit, striking out on a new line of political and social endeavor. As to the Declaration itself, Morris Ernst writes:

> Fifty men signed the document written by Jefferson who had deftly twisted Locke's philosophy for the protection of property into the protection of liberty.

But the writer of the Declaration, as every schoolboy knows, was not at the convention which drew up the Constitution, being, at the time, abroad on a mission, and both the Adamses were absent, as well as Tom Paine. Stress is laid by Morris Ernst on the effect of the absence of these free spirits from the convention, and an emphasis has been given by recent critics of the Constitution to the number of rich men who were among its framers and to the fact that no wage earner or small farmer was among them. But if this critical modern generation of Americans does not call the framers "demigods," as did Jefferson, still we must admit that the document they framed is a wonderful one. The language of its writing, while not thrilling as the language of the Declaration is thrilling, is nevertheless impressive and accomplished — the maximum of meaning in the minimum of words. This is the more surprising when we consider that the majority of the framers were lawyers, for lawyers are notoriously long-winded.

The important thing that Morris Ernst has done in this book is to make us realize freshly that the Constitution of the United States was no finished document but a sort of Work in Progress, always leaving something for posterity to develop. This being the case and taking into consideration that some of the framers were nonlawyers, it may be permitted to the average reader to ask a naïve question: Why do all the interpreters of the Constitution have to be lawyers? Why should not a historian and political scientist like Charles Beard or a practical legislator or a State governor be added to the Supreme Court? "I think the time is ripe," writes Morris Ernst, "for the non-lawyers to re-assert their earnest disrespect for what lawyers and judges have done to us all." There is a notion spreading through the country that the Supreme Court is deftly twisting Jefferson's protection of liberty back to Locke's protection of property and that sheer legality is now throttling the democratic will.

Numbers of people who were interested in seeing the NRA put out of business were horrified when they discovered that nine men in the Supreme Court had the power to do it without bothering about what anybody else thought. How did they ever get that power of veto over legislation? Not even Morris Ernst quite unravels the mystery. The nine were originally meant by the founding fathers, it appears, to be only a department of the government; their powers were left undefined, and for nearly a century they did indeed behave like a department. Then, after the Civil War, they took on a supremacy over all other government officials, elected or appointed. In fact, the Supreme Court seems to have thrived especially upon wars, and since the World War the nine have become like the Nine Gods of Clusium. Since 1920, they have vetoed more acts of Congress than in the previous 130 years. "They have," writes Morris Ernst, "always construed the Constitution in accordance with their own human prejudices." And Charles Beard has told us:

> There are clauses of the Constitution that admit of no reasonable doubt as to their meaning. . . . But the clauses of the Constitution under which great acts of Congress have been invalidated are vague and admit of many interpretations.

Thus it was possible for Justice Roberts, who is a conservative, to find that the AAA was unconstitutional and for Justice Stone, who is a liberal, to find that it was quite constitutional.

The judges of the Court in their majority will, according to Morris Ernst, always stand for an unrestricted economic system. And in its insistence on the economic bias *The Ultimate Power* is closely in line with Professor Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution.*

Mr. Ernst has not studied and defended James Joyce's *Ulysses* against censorship without learning some of the technical devices of the literary radicals. Thus he is able to give illuminating effects by interpolating in italics passages culled from writing that illustrates the actualities of another day. For instance, this passage shows something of the daily life of the people when the Constitution was being put into effect:

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From Maine to Georgia the staples of diet were brown bread, corn pone, or hoe cakes, and rum, cider, or whiskey; and throughout the South the traveller was fed monotonously on bacon, eggs, hominy, coarse bread and rum. Lodgings cost 50¢, breakfast six shillings, dinner $1.00. White bread was a luxury.

Olympus Comes to Earth

The very title of Drew Pearson's and Robert S. Allen's book causes us some reflection — *The Nine Old Men*. Some of us have thought of the Supreme Court as a sort of machine to grind out opinions, and now, behold! it is human after all! And the nine justices have suddenly been made familiar to everybody from their pictures in the newspapers — nine faces, nine striking faces, all looking as if they were out of the Roman senate and should be attired in togas. On each face is the mark of strong and fixed convictions — except on the studiously suave face of Justice Hughes, which is so wrapped up in beard that no phrenologist amateur can analyze his mental make-up.

The attractive and generous faces are those of Justices Brandeis and Cardozo, and these two, in fact, are more kindly dealt with by the authors of *The Nine Old Men* than are the other seven. The worst the writers can say about Brandeis is that, though a great lover of mankind, he is profoundly skeptical of man as an individual.

The frank one of the nine, we gather from this book, is Justice Roberts, who is a savage champion of reaction and who wrote the opinion by which the AAA was declared unconstitutional.

The sweet-natured one is Justice Sutherland.

The rude one is Justice McReynolds, who, according to these outspoken authors, "for a man of a sheer ugliness of disposition has come far."

The stupid one is Justice Van Devanter, who decided that two railroads running parallel to each other for 2,000 miles were not competing lines.

The belligerent one is Justice Butler, and beholding the picture of that square Norman countenance, erroneously called Celtic, we can well believe it. "Subtle, but undeviating" is how the authors define this justice; that is the quality the Normans brought into the British Isles, and Justice Butler's is the typical Norman-Irish face.

Justice Hughes is the tragic and frustrated one. One November night he went to bed believing himself President-elect of the United States, but when he woke up he found he wasn't.

Now that the Supreme Court has been so widely personalized as Nine Old Men, it will take a lot of underpinning to restore its awesomeness, for Nine Old Men is a damaging catch phrase. The authors of this book are experts at the ignoble art of debunking; they debunk everything about the Supreme Court, from the palatial building of shining marble with copper doors, in which the nine house themselves, to their rulings on the Constitution. While *The Nine Old Men* is not on a high plane as portraiture or discussion, it is an amusing book, for it mixes indignation with personalities, gossip with wit, so that some of the nine are made to appear like Rabelais' Justice Bridlegoose.

What Government Is For

After these lively volumes, Professor Marshall E. Dimock's *Modern Politics and Administration* is ponderous and pedestrian in style; it requires a deal of patience and persistence on the reader's part to get at the results of the author's investigations and reflections. But in spite of drawbacks it is an extremely up-to-date book, based on the most modern conceptions of government. It will take some of our extreme radicals at least

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another quarter of a century to catch up to some of the ideas paraded in the most conservative manner in these pages. And its measured consideration of the veto of the Supreme Court is somehow a lot more damaging than more frisky condemnations — but of course the frisky condemnations will be more widely read.

Professor Dimock begins his book with a quotation from Charles Merriam — "The mould in which the modern state was cast is broken or is breaking" — and thereupon sets out to try to discover the nature of the mold likely to replace the one being broken. Governments play two important roles in society, the author reminds us: they rule peoples and they serve communities. There never was a time or place in which these two functions were not being furthered together. But hitherto the emphasis has been on rule, and often, unfortunately, control and coercion became symbolic of the state's development. In our time the emphasis is shifting toward service, and the leading question now put to governments is: Do your processes produce the good life for the individual?

Professor Dimock is somewhat vague and loose as to what he means by the good life, but for him its two necessary foundations are economic security for people generally and a re-interpretation of man's significance in the scheme of things. The human race has suffered a deflation in its self-esteem through the discoveries of modern science, and some means of restoring the former sense of human importance has now to be brought forward, or life will be merely irresponsible and futile. The good life he defines as the maximum enrichment of personality; this does not mean that there is any one type of personality and any one pattern of experience and ideas which are best for all individuals; on the contrary, he writes:

> Enriched human personalities cannot be produced on a social assembly-line; enrichment comes from wide opportunities, varied experience, freedom to think and choose, and release from fear.

While this has been a commonplace since Aristotle's time and is the object of all art, it is important to have it restated in a contemporary work on political science. It is important, too, because in the present world the rich human personalities are exactly those with the least chance of the good life; they are preyed on by the more impoverished personalities, and their chance of economic security is less than the others. Is there any state that has actually succeeded in providing the good life for its citizens? Professor Dimock thinks that Denmark, with her economic equality and general well-being, has done so. He must mean that Denmark provides a basis on which individuals can begin to build the good life.

In a chapter entitled "Social Reform and the Constitution," there are recorded decisions of the Supreme Court which may very easily account for some Present Discontents. But the most interesting chapter in Professor Dimock's book is that entitled "The Ends of the State." And even this chapter suffers from the lack of liveliness which is characteristic of the whole work. In certain other chapters it is not always easy to know what Professor Dimock means, for like all people who are not accomplished writers, his language is vague and loose. Clear thinking does not always result in clear writing, and vagueness in language does not always come from lack of knowledge but often from the fact that the intellect is not sufficiently illumined by emotional force. People who write clearly not only think clearly but feel strongly.

A New America

The author of *America: A Re-Appraisal*, Harold E. Stearns, once had the excellent idea of getting out a work on America that would be a sort of encyclopedia of all her interests. Such a book did in fact appear, with contributions from various specialists. Its great drawback was that it was written chiefly by a collection of writers from around New York, the bulk of whom lacked the power and the training to think nationally rather than sectionally. Its second drawback was that all its contributors were Americans, except one or two chosen at random. A few serious contributions from outsiders who had lived in America would have helped in giving an "image" of the country — one, for instance, by that accomplished historian, Trotsky, a couple from those lynx-eyed Frenchmen and metaphysically minded Italians who from time to time teach in our great universities. It is true, of course, that when Harold Stearns edited *Civilization in the United States* America was more sensitive

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to outside criticism than she is now, when the figure she makes in the world is so imposing and so assured. Her present attitude toward criticism is very much like that of England before the war — one of unperturbed interest. And so it happens that *America: A Re-Appraisal* seems a trifle old-fashioned and even provincial in its constant incense swinging before everything in contemporary America from statesmanship to family life.

Harold Stearns lived for a dozen years in France, and the America he left in the 1920's was very different from the America he has come back to in the 1930's; flattering the country has simply gone out of fashion, and saying comfortable things about its institutions is no longer the role of the critic. When he left, the Supreme Court was still a revered institution, and a book such as *The Nine Old Men* could not have appeared. There was still such respect for the puritanical temper that victories such as Morris Ernst has won over the literary censorship were not then conceivable. We can feel that tremendous psychic changes took place here during the years roughly covered by the period between the adoption of the eighteenth amendment and its repeal. The index of this change is not to be found in the extremely radical publications — which are as they have always been — but in periodicals like *Fortune* and in a whole array of books coolly examining everything from our reasons for entering the war to the credentials of the towering industrial dynasties, from the aspirations of the great universities to the decisions of the Supreme Court. *America: A Re-Appraisal* does not take into account the forces that brought about these dynamic changes. Harold Stearns's solution of the world's ills is the one that seemed promising to many people after the war — the hands-across-the-sea, brotherhood-of-the-English-speaking-races, we're-all-one-family sort of thing.

The first chapters are much more illuminating than the later ones, and the opening chapter, which has for title "The Salient Points of Our Attitude," has some excellent comment. How shrewd, for example, is the following:

> Generally speaking, secular interests are too strong in America for any other-worldly or mystical or ritualistic or even traditional pattern of thought long to withstand them, and a mild agnosticism tempered by pragmatic ethics and a general good-will and a native natural sympathy is about all that is left.

But to those who visualize the emergence in America of the very highest human type, the pragmatism of the ethics is something to be seriously thought over with a view, even, to overcoming it. The comment in "Literature in General" is almost equally as good as the comment in the first chapter of the book, and Mr. Stearns does well in reminding readers of this:

> It is not so much the American public which has been lacking in taste as that it has been American writers who have been lacking in genuine and serious productiveness.

My own notion is that the taste of the American public in reading is high and would be higher if it weren't confused by the deluge of books competing publishers turn out; that there are plenty of American writers capable of genuine and sincere productiveness but that the competition of the amateur writer who finds it perilously easy to get a book published is breaking down or destroying the real writer's audience.

The Need of Symbolism

In his chapter on "Sport, Play and Games," Mr. Stearns puts forward the opinion that it is the play instinct in Americans which makes them get enjoyment out of belonging to the multifarious and strangely named lodges, clubs, and secret societies that dot the land. My own conviction is that the chief reason — there are a few others — which has drawn Americans into clubs and lodges has been sheer loneliness. No consideration of existence in this republic is final that does not touch on the lodge life of the ordinary citizen and the underworld life of the gangster. Charles W. Ferguson, whose *Fifty Million Brothers* is an appraisal of the congregation of clubs and lodges that the American populace has created for itself, tells us that they were a refuge from the loneliness that beset the pioneer and that they have grown and multiplied because they provide the only natural basis for normal group life in a country historically deprived of it. But the loneliness that beset the pioneer still besets Americans as it must beset people in any new country without a long, conscious history of the human race behind it, without what Count Keyserling called that long-continued inter-

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relationship between man and the soil, which somehow in old countries is one safeguard against loneliness. Another explanation offered by the author of *Fifty Million Brothers* is this one:

> Democracy tends to shatter our loyalties and spread them thin or exalt them beyond reach. But we must have something to rally around if it be no more than a city with a glad hand or a big heart or shallow water.

Another reason can be advanced: In the strongly secular interests of America which Harold Stearns noted, people have to have something which offers them a ritual and symbolism to take the place of religious or even of monarchal and aristocratic symbolism. It is impossible to study history seriously without realizing that men are unmitigated symbolists and ritualists: If you show them that an apron, originally worn to save a workman's clothes when troweling mortar, can be donned as a symbolic protection against the "vices and superfluities of life," you can enthrall them as they can be enthralled by the meaning beyond meaning that is in the Apocalypse or in symbolist poetry. And these lodges proliferate also on account of the gaps in civilization: Humanity, as a whole, has not evolved a way of life for any considerable number of people which is not drab; and so men and women form organizations in which they can attire themselves in fantastic garbs, address each other as Noble, Rajah, Pundita, and take strange oaths as Buffaloes, Moose, Eagles, and Elks. Charles Ferguson's accounts of the dramatic beginnings of some of the lodges, from Rotary — which was formed by a lawyer who felt lonesome in Chicago — to Freemasonry — turned by a Scottish clergyman from a lodge of working craftsmen into a ritualistic society which dug up a genealogy back to King Solomon and the building of the Temple — all these flash a light on human aspirations. The book, judicious and entertaining, will remain the standard work on the panorama of American clubs, lodges, and fraternities.

The Seamy Side

It is important to realize that, if the respectable citizen forms lodges to help himself and his fellows, the other-world denizen forms his to prey on the respectable citizen. His lodges are gangs. And how thoroughly organized these are, the author of *Here's to Crime* reveals. According to Courtney Ryley Cooper, whose information is vouched for by J. Edgar Hoover, 3,500,000 men and women are engaged in the business of crime. He gives us illustrations to show that crime *does* pay. For instance, Alvin Karpis, now in jail, has boasted that he has hidden a large part of the fortune he robbed from banks; he has a life sentence but will be eligible for parole in fifteen years and may come out in his forties, dig up his fortune, and then live the life of a wealthy citizen.

The author of *Here's to Crime*, on the evidence of his pages, knows the madams in the houses of prostitution, the men who thrive on the percentages collected from them; he knows gun molls and racketeers of all kinds. He shows the vast indemnities they have exacted from a virtually subject population; he shows us corrupt policemen and judges. The following sentence from his pages is worth pondering, but it will give the citizens of the respectable lodges a shock.

> We know that three out of every four persons are potential victims of the criminal. Since every one of us is thus thrown into a dangerous grab-bag, the remedy must become a personal effort to slash crime in its early stages, — for youth under twenty-one now commits seventeen per cent of our infraction.

Here's to Crime, with its salacious descriptiveness, is written in a way that will frequently disgust not too fastidious readers, but a future historian wishing to know how this republic worked would be obliged to read a book of this character as well as that noble document, written in such noble language, that was the Declaration of Independence; he would have to read this as well as the Constitution and the bill of rights.

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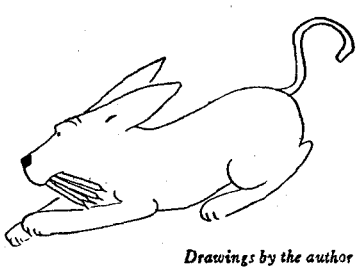
Tempest in a Looking Glass

by **JAMES THURBER**

DR. PAUL SCHILDER, research professor of psychiatry at New York University, has his work cut out for him. I have cut it out for him myself. I hope he is a young man, for there is so much for him to do: What I am about to outline will take him at least ten years, if it is to be done properly.

First, I should perhaps introduce Dr. Paul Schilder to you or, rather, refresh your memory about him. He is the distinguished scientist who, some weeks ago at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, analyzed, for the members of the American Psychoanalytic Association in solemn meeting there, the unfortunate nature of the late Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known to the world under his escapist pen name of Lewis Carroll. Dr. Schilder had found in his researches, you may remember, that *Alice in Wonderland* is so full of cruelty, fear, and "sadistic trends of cannibalism" that he questioned its wholesomeness as literature for children. (Could it have been *Alice* that debauched the kiddies in Mr. Richard Hughes's *High Wind in Jamaica?* I suggest that Dr. Schilder set about the analysis of Mr. Hughes right now. Maybe *he* was debauched, as a child, by the works of Lewis Carroll.)

Dr. Schilder seems to have been pained and astonished by his belated discovery that everything in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass is out of joint. He spoke, according to the report of his lecture in the *New York Times*, of the "unwholesome instability of space" and the "tendency of the time element to be thrown out of gear." He found, in a word, a world of "cruelty, destruction, and annihilation." He also found cruelty inherent in Mr. Carroll's "destructive use of the English language," but that's beside my point, that's something to be fought out, man to man, between Dr. Schilder and some writer younger and stronger than I — I nominate Ernest Hemingway or Jim Tully.



Drawings by the author

As I said to begin with, I have some further researches to suggest to Dr. Paul Schilder (after he gets through with the cruel and sadistic Richard Hughes). They will keep him even busier and shock him, I am afraid, even more severely than his work with Mr. Carroll did. I submit to him, as a starting-off place, the *English Fairy Tales* collected so painstakingly 42 years ago by Mr. Joseph Jacobs. With the exception of *The Three Bears*, which was the invention of the cruel and sadistic poet Southey, these are all folk tales. In getting at the bottom of the savagery, the mercilessness, the ferocity, and the sadistic trends of cannibalism of these tales, Dr. Schilder will be able to expose the evil nature not of one man, not of one race of men but of the whole of mankind, for there is, of course, scarcely a story in this compilation which has not its counterpart, parallel, or source in the folk tales of another country. Usually, each story may be traced to a dozen countries, from Ireland to India, from France to Russia, from Germany to Iceland. Let us examine, rather minutely, for Dr. Schilder's enlightenment, just one of these tales, the one entitled by Mr. Jacobs *The Rose-Tree*. Dr. Schilder will surely want to analyze *The Rose-Tree* and the depraved soul of man which shines so darkly behind it.

SHE LAUGHED, DR. SCHILDER!

THERE WAS once upon a time [the tale begins] a good man who had two children: a girl by his first wife, and a boy by the second. The girl was as white as milk, and her lips were like cherries." The tale goes on to tell how the stepmother hated the little girl and one day sent her to the store to buy a pound of candles which, when

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she put them on the ground while she climbed over a stile, a dog stole. Three times this happened, with three different pounds of candles. "The stepmother was angry, but she pretended not to mind the loss. She said to the child: 'Come, lay your head on my lap that I may comb your hair.'" Down to the ground fell the yellow silken hair as the stepmother combed it. Said she, finally: "I cannot part your hair on my knee, fetch a billet of wood." When this

was done she said, "I cannot part your hair with a comb, fetch me an ax." So (brace yourself, Dr. Schilder, for here comes cruelty which makes the cruelty of Mr. Carroll seem like the extremely lovely nonsense it really is) the stepmother made the little girl put her head upon the billet of wood, and then she cut off her head with the ax. In the tale as Mr. Jacobs tells it there comes now this sentence: "So the mother wiped the ax and laughed." In all of Lewis Carroll, Dr. Schilder, there is no such sentence as that. There, indeed, is grist for your mill; there is red meat for your grinder. But wait. We are coming to a real trend in cannibalism.

"Then she took the heart and liver of the little girl, and she stewed them and brought them into the house for supper. The husband tasted them and shook his head. He said they tasted very strangely. She gave some to the little boy, but he would not eat." The little boy, the story tells, took up what was left of his little sister and put her in a box and buried the box under a rose tree. "And every day he went to the tree and wept and his tears ran down on the box. One day the rose-tree flowered. It was spring, and there among the flowers was a white bird; and it sang, and sang, and sang like an angel out of heaven." The song the bird sang is, in the version Mr. Jacobs uses, this dainty ditty:

My wicked mother slew me,
My dear father ate me,
My little brother whom I love,
Sits below and I sing above,
Stick, stock, stone dead.

The white bird, the tale goes, sang her song for the shoemaker, and he gave her two little red shoes; and she sang her song for the watchmaker, and he gave her a gold watch and chain; and she sang her song for three millers, and they put, when she asked for it, a millstone around her neck. Then the white bird flew to the house where the stepmother lived. And from there I give the tale as it is in the book, on to the end. "It rattled the millstone against the eaves of the house, and the stepmother said: 'It thunders.' Then the little boy ran out to see the thunder, and down dropped the red shoes at his feet. It rattled the millstone against the eaves of the house once more, and the stepmother said again: 'It thunders.' Then the father ran out, and down fell the chain about his neck. In ran father and son, laughing and saying: 'See, what fine things the thunder has brought us!' Then the bird rattled the millstone against the eaves of the house a third time; and the stepmother said: 'It thunders again, perhaps the thunder has brought something for me,' and she ran out; but the moment she stepped outside the door down fell the millstone on her head; and so she died."

Dr. Paul Schilder will want, of course, to trace the extent of this cruel and cannibalistic story among the peoples of the world. To aid him in his quest I should like to quote a paragraph from Mr. Jacobs' notes and references at the end of his book:

Source. — From the first edition of Henderson's "Folk-Lore of Northern Counties," p. 314, to which it was communicated by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Parallels. — This is better known under the title, "Orange and Lemon," and with the refrain:

"My mother killed me,
My father picked my bones,
My little sister buried me,
Under the marble stones."

I heard this in Australia, and a friend of mine heard it in her youth in County Meath, Ireland. Mr. Jones gives part of it in "Folk-Tales of the Magyars,"

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418–20, and another version occurs in Notes and Queries, vi. 496. Mr. I. Gollancz informs me he remembers a version entitled "Pepper, Salt, and Mustard," with the refrain just given. Abroad it is Grimm's "Juniper Tree," where see further parallels. The German rhyme is sung by Margaret in the mad scene of Goethe's "Faust."

Once launched onto the awful, far-spreading sea of folklore, Dr. Schilder will find a thousand examples, in the fairy tales of all countries, of fear and cruelty, horror and revenge, cannibalism and the laughing wiping of blood from gory axes. He must surely know, to give just one more example, the tale from the brothers Grimm of how a queen "quite yellow with envy" sang to another looking glass than Lewis Carroll's: "O, mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of us all?" and how, when the mirror answered that the fairest maid alive was the queen's own stepdaughter, Snow White, the enraged lady sent for a huntsman and said to him: "Take the child away into the forest. . . . You must kill her and bring me her heart and tongue for a token."

Of Art and Our Psychologists

Dr. Schilder's work, as I have said, is cut out for him. He has the evil nature of Charles Perrault to dip into, surely as black and devious and unwholesome as Lewis Carroll's. He has the Grimms and Hans Christian Andersen. He has Mother Goose, or much of it. He can spend at least a year on the legend of Childe Rowland, which is filled with perfectly swell sexual symbols — from (in some versions) an underground cave more provocative by far than the rabbit hole in Wonderland to the sinister Dark Tower of the more familiar versions. This one piece of research will lead him into the myth of Proserpine and into Browning and Shakespeare and Milton's *Comus* and even into the dark and perilous kingdom of Arthurian legend. I should think that the good doctor could spend a profitable month on the famous and mysterious beast Galtisant, that was called the Questing Beast and that so plagued Sir Palamides — "the Questing Beast that had in shape a head like a serpent's head, and a body like a leopard, buttocks like a lion, and footed like an hart; and in his body there was such a noise as it had been the noise of thirty couple of hounds questing, and such a noise that beast made wheresomever he went."

When he is through with all this, Dr. Schilder should be pretty well persuaded that behind the imaginative works of all the cruel writing men, further or nearer, lies the destructive and unstable, the fearful and unwholesome, the fine and beautiful cruelty of the peoples of the earth, the men and women in the fields and the huts and the market place, the original story-tellers of this naughty world. If Dr. Schilder wishes to expose to the members of the American Psychoanalytic Association, at some far date, the charming savagery and the beautiful ruthlessness of these peoples of the world, these millions long dead — and still alive — that is up to him. I should protest mildly that there is much more important work to be done.

I had planned, to be sure, a small analysis and defense of the nature of the artistic imagination for Dr. Schilder's information. Thinking of this one afternoon, I stood at a window of my house in the country, and as I looked out three pheasants came walking across the snow, almost up to my window. They were so near that, if I had had a stout rubber band and a ruler to snap it from, I could have got one of them. Presently they wandered away, and with them, somehow, went my desire to explain the nature of the artistic imagination, in my humble way, to Dr. Paul Schilder. But I should like to leave with him, to ponder, one little definition, the definition of the word *empathy* as given in *Webster's New International Dictionary:* "Imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another human being; sympathetic understanding of other than human beings." There's a great deal in that — for some people — Dr. Schilder.

And, at the far end of all this tempest in a looking glass, I should like to set down, for Paul Schilder's guidance, a sentence from the writings of the late Dr. Morton Prince, a truly intelligent psychologist. He was speaking of multiple personality when he wrote it but he might have been speaking of the folk tales of the world or of the creatures and creations of Lewis Carroll: "Far from being mere freaks, monstrosities of consciousness, they are in fact shown to be manifestations of the very constitution of life."

James Thurber will appear again in the April FORUM

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The D.A.R. Sees Red

by **MARGARET PAYNE DUTTON**

When my husband accepted a position in another college and we moved from a Midwest city to a small town on the eastern seaboard, we both joined the church and the country club and engaged in their activities. Charles became a member of one of the men's luncheon clubs and I of the local chapter of the American Association of University Women. I soon noticed that many of the leading women of the town belonged to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Although qualified to become a member, I had never really taken this organization seriously. When, however, I was invited to join, I thought perhaps I had better, since it would afford another opportunity for me to make friends.

When I showed the invitation to Charles, he snorted. "Do you know what the D.A.R. stands for?" he asked. "When you go to Washington next week to visit Douglas, make a little investigation."

So I did. In Washington, I went straight to headquarters. There, before the marble palace, I stood and admired its costly beauty. A uniformed doorman telephoned my name up to see whether I might enter. Permission having been graciously relayed back, I was escorted by a deferential colored servitor through the elegantly appointed building to a door labeled *National Defense*. A well-manicured and beauty-parlored secretary took my name to an inner office, whence there presently issued forth the National Chairman of National Defense herself.

She called my attention to a display, covering a good-sized wall space, of literature allegedly communistic. The communists, she declared, were flooding the country with their dangerous propaganda. Now to me it had always seemed that communism, especially the brand practiced in Russia, needed only a little airing and discussion to appear sufficiently unattractive to an American, so I paid but perfunctory heed as she dilated on the Red Menace.

It was when we came to the next exhibit that my interest began to look up. Here another large wall space was covered with samples of literature, under the heading *United Front*. "These," said my guide, "come from organizations with which, in the name of peace, the communists are joining themselves. Some of these organizations are consciously abetting the Reds; others are unconsciously being used by them to spread their insidious poison. The communists are boring from within!"

"What are the communists after?" I asked.

"In the name of peace, they are working," she answered impressively, "to get us disarmed. Then — *then* — they will rise, seize the government by force, and set up a communistic soviet!"

This sounded awful. Also, it was news to me. I hadn't realized that the United States was skating on such thin ice. And as I gazed I was startled to behold, right in the middle of this display of traitors and dupes, one of the publications of the National Council for Prevention of War — an organization which I had always considered valuable for its work toward international understanding, which is a cause dear to my heart. What other societies might I not find tainted with this horrid communism? With amazement I saw in the same fellowship along with many others, the Foreign Policy Association, the New World, and the International Goodwill Congress. What did my astonished eyes see next? Not only the *Methodist Advocate* and the *Epworth Herald*, on which I had been brought up, but the entire Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America! And, as if this were not enough, there hung a reprint from — holy smoke! — the *Atlantic Monthly* itself! I sat down weakly, breathing hard. What sort of an organization could it be that condemned

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as subversive all these societies devoted to right living, international understanding, and good will among men?

From a careful study of this display I went on to the D.A.R. Library, from there to the Library of Congress and to other places in Washington. I read many books, papers, and reports and talked with many people. When I had finished I was convinced that we have in America some people who are being unconsciously used by others for unavowed purposes. I don't mean the *Atlantic Monthly*, that clarion voice of Red New England; I mean the D.A.R. itself.

The D.A.R. has a united front of its own. For, if identity of purpose and similarity of methods can be called a united front, then the Daughters of the American Revolution are marching under the same banners with the Hearst newspapers; for both are encouraging an exaggerated preparedness built on fomented fears that lead inexorably to war. And they are shoulder to shoulder with the Ku Klux Klan in their efforts to suppress freedom of speech and visit their displeasure on those who incur their disapproval.

THE D.A.R. SUPPORTS—

THE POLICIES for which the D.A.R. stands may be known from the resolutions which the Daughters pass at the general meetings held annually in Washington. During the period 1926–36 the D.A.R. passed 43 of a strongly militaristic nature. They advocated compulsory military training in schools and colleges; supporting military establishments; increasing the army, navy, merchant marine, and air forces; supporting and encouraging the R.O.T.C. and the C.M.T.C.; maintaining an "adequate" navy and air force; building the navy to the limits of the London treaty; having a navy and air force second to none; and fully indorsing chemical warfare.

In all this time there was not one single resolution urging mutual understanding, co-operation, or good will among nations.

During the same period there have been fifteen resolutions opposing radicals and pacifists and endeavoring to suppress free speech but only three bearing on education — and those not instrumented.

Loud and oft repeated have been the clamorings of the D.A.R. for increased and enlarged military establishments — ten such resolutions culminating in a demand in 1934 for an air force "equal to that of any other nation in the world."

When the Daughters put in this last order, they could not have known what they meant, for Russia, reputed to have the largest, does not give out figures for her air force. According to the *Armaments Year Book* of the League of Nations, however, for 1935, Italy leads the other nations in air power. In order to rival Italy, we should have to spend annually on our air force nearly quadruple what we are now spending, amounting to the staggering sum of $3,163,788,000! And this with not an enemy in the world, all the advantages of our geographical position thrown away, in foolish emulation of more foolish European nations. Does this look like sane Americanism?

An insight into the D.A.R. conception of an adequate army and, incidentally, one of its methods of arriving at a conviction may be gained by a glance at the following table, which, under the caption *Less Than Ten Per Cent Preparedness is Disarmament* appeared in the April, 1936, issue of the D.A.R. *National Defense News*.

Year	*Trained soldiers available*	*Soldiers employed*	*Per cent of preparedness*	*Soldiers per 1,000 of the population*	*War or peace*
1812	6,744	521,622	1.3%	.87	War
1848	7,700	140,000	7.6%	.34	War
1861	16,000	2,700,000	.5%	.53	War
1867	2,500,000	none	100.0%	71.53	Peace
1898	25,000	273,000	9.2%	2.36	War
1917	236,000	4,050,000	6.5%	2.36	War
1936	436,105	12,000,000*	3.6%	3.41	???

*War Department estimate of number of men required for a major war of long duration.

The D.A.R. offers this table as convincing evidence that the only time this country has been safe since 1812 was when we had a big army in 1867 and that it was the army that saved us then (from what, nobody knows) and that in order to assure peace in 1936 it will be necessary immediately to increase our army to astronomical proportions.

Using the same figures and the same premises, one could easily show that, since there have been since 1812 eighteen times as many peace years as war years, what they call unpreparedness is eighteen times as likely to bring peace as war! Some statisticians!

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Grant Wood — *From the collection o Edward G. Robinson, by courtesy o the Walker Galleries*

Daughters of Revolution

Four times since 1926 has the D.A.R. indorsed chemical warfare, that most cruel and ruthless device of all. The pressure which they and their kind brought to bear on Congress doubtless had its weight in defeating the signature of the United States to the protocol barring its use.

The Daughters make loud and frequent protestations of patriotism. Prompted by another organization, as we shall see a little later, they have adopted as their own the Red Bogeyman and fondly imagine that love of country and understanding of American ideals can be secured by laws requiring teachers to take oaths and children to salute the flag. Then, like frightened ostriches, they bury their heads in the sand of resolutions like the following, passed in 1931:

> By this method of insisting that every teacher honestly express his or her determination to support the principles of our constitutional form of government, parents and trustees of childhood will find relief from the idea that their children are to be victims of anti-American teachings or revolutionary-organizational methods of the agitation-propaganda department.

What is meant by "revolutionary-organizational methods of the agitation-propaganda department" is not entirely clear, but it does sound terrifying! When you remember, however, that most teachers are unorganized women, to whom many other occupations are practically closed and who have just survived a depression which made it almost a life-and-death matter to hold a job — and the choice is swear or forfeit that livelihood — you can see what a fat chance there would be of getting "honest" declarations!

So far, the net of teachers'-oath laws has caught a few college professors (not communists), who resigned rather than submit, and four or five little children whose religious beliefs would not allow them to take part in the symbolism of saluting the flag, so highly valued by the Daughters, and who were expelled from school in Massachusetts and Maryland. This is a haul of which the 160,000 Daughters may well be proud!

Red Herrings

The D.A.R. advocates other methods of suppression of free speech. Its resolutions include, from 1926 to 1936, two in opposition to pacifists and radicals; one opposing the efforts of historians to cut down accounts of wars and give more space to heroes of civil and scientific endeavor; one for deportation of subversive aliens and punishment of citizens allied with them; two making it a crime to advocate the overthrow of the government by force or violence or to attempt to induce a soldier or a sailor to do so; one for a "rigid examination of all text-books," and one for government investigation of all "subversive organizations."

Imagine the way the government would have to step if it investigated all the organizations the Daughters regard as subversive. Boy, we'd

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have a hot old time! Fancy the legislators with all the textbook publishers on their necks! If those recommendations were actually carried out — and the findings pleased the Daughters — we should be already in a state of fascism. But the dictator would not be a creature of the D.A.R. There are other powers behind their little throne, of which more presently.

The D.A.R. professes to hold sacred the teachings and principles of the Revolutionary fathers. Hark to the voices of these patriots inciting the colonists to violence:

> JOHN HANCOCK: "I conjure you, by all that is dear, by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, not only that ye pray but that ye act! That, if necessary, ye fight! And even die, for the prosperity of our Jerusalem!"
>
> THOMAS JEFFERSON: "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends [life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness], it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it. It is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such a government."
>
> PATRICK HENRY: "If we mean to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — we must fight! I repeat, Sir, we must fight! I know not what course others may pursue, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

If the Daughters could only have caught them, they would have had all this gang of subversives fingerprinted and photographed for the rogues' gallery.

As a matter of fact, however, the House of Representatives in 1931 put on an investigation into the activities of communists in this country whose conclusions are authoritative and ought to allay the frantic apprehensions of the red baiters. I quote from the report of the investigating committee:

> It is the belief of the committee that there are probably five or six hundred thousand Communists and active sympathizers in the United States. This would include several hundred thousand under voting age. About 70% are aliens and speak English with a foreign accent if at all. The Communistic press has a paid circulation, exclusive of shop and local publications, of about 350,000. The principals of the schools where there is any indication of Communistic activity have been successful in preventing the Young Pioneers from getting an effective hold upon our school system. With the exception of those universities situated in large industrial cities, Communistic activities are a negligible quantity. If agitators attempt to distribute leaflets at Army posts they are beaten up by the soldiers themselves; and the distribution of Communistic literature among the [navy] men on shore leave has resulted in the agitators being man-handled.

These findings seem to indicate that with ordinary vigilance we shall be able to hold our own in maintaining American ideals against those of Russia. The zeal of the Daughters seems a trifle excessive.

THE DAUGHTERS AT WORK — OR PLAY

ABOUT 1921 there was a wave of peace sentiment sweeping the country. Many organizations were working for peace and bringing pressure to bear on Congress to find means of perpetuating it. The headquarters of preparedness became alarmed. The Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion was formed and soon became the right hand of the Legion, from which it took its whole program of activity.

In 1925, at the invitation of the Auxiliary, there gathered in Washington, for a conference on national defense, representatives of the Colonial Dames, the D.A.R., the Sponsors of the United States Navy, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and ten other similar organizations. At this conference four generals, two representatives of the War Department, three admirals, and the Secretary of the Navy addressed the ladies. The official report of the conference published the hope that a "nation-wide movement backed by loyal and patriotic citizens would arise to inaugurate a real offensive against radicalism."

The outburst of patriotic zeal for suppression thus fomented led in 1928 to the promulgation of the famous black list of the D.A.R., containing the names of many distinguished citizens, both men and women, proscribed as speakers before good American audiences. A year or so later, the student Y.W.C.A. of the University of West Virginia invited Kirby Page to speak on the announced subjects of "Intolerance" and "The Meaning of the Cross." The American Legion, the D.A.R., and the Ku Klux Klan got busy. Prominent citizens from these organizations made representations before the president of the University. He canceled the engagement. In Chicago a teacher in the city schools was suspected by the D.A.R. of having peace leanings not approved by them. They brought pressure to bear, and the teacher was dismissed without a hearing.

One of the names that adorned the black list was that of William Allen White, the eminent journalist. It appeared again presently on the front page of newspapers all over the United States, accompanied by the following comments by Mr. White:

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The D.A.R. is all right: just foolish leadership and a taste for idle, apoplectic old gentlemen in red flannels who escape the boredom of their rich wives by sitting in the club windows of Washington and bemoaning the decadence of a changing world. The retired Army officers in Washington hypnotize the nice old girls of the D.A.R. The D.A.R. was lured into the Red-baiting mania by the tea-gladiators of Washington who had to do something to draw their salaries as keepers of the raw head and bloody bones of political conceptions. If the rousing rebels of 1776 had been the same kind of people their timid daughters are, the Daughters of the Revolution would be the Daughters of American Tories.

One wonders how intelligent women can stand for all that the D.A.R. sponsors. It seems unlikely that they do — or perhaps it is that the Daughters do not tolerate intelligent women in their ranks.

Several years ago, when the militant and aggressive Mrs. William Sherman Walker was hammering through their plans for national defense, a certain Mrs. Roy from Kansas ventured to present some resolutions from her chapter, asking, among other similar things, that policies to be followed by the D.A.R. be submitted beforehand to the various chapters for discussion. Naturally, she got nowhere.

A Mrs. Bailie of Massachusetts, who raised her voice in protest against the famous black list (now disclaimed by the central office, though Mrs. Bailie said she had affidavits to prove it was issued from Washington headquarters), was neatly expelled from the organization.

In the ranks are to be found various attitudes of mind. Many members are preoccupied with their historical and educational work, much of which is praiseworthy, though they are simply crazy to give out shiny medals to schoolboys. Some may be biased by the fact that their incomes are derived from industries which manufacture war supplies; some are wives or daughters of army or navy officers; while a large number finds the social allure of the organization irresistible.

Pomp and Circumstance

The leaders of the D.A.R. are women of wealth and social prominence. The Annual Continental Congresses, held in the magnificent buildings in Washington, are brilliant and gorgeous affairs. They are accompanied by the pomp and show of marine bands, high officials of the army and navy, flowers, gowns, jewelry, and hairdressing. The president-general and the state regents — what regal titles! — are attended by pages bearing the flags of all the States. Their façades adorned with the coveted insignia of the gold-and-enamel spinning wheel and many a gorgeous band indicating the multifold entitlements to membership with which their ancestry has endowed them, they make the Grand Entry. There are dinners, receptions, banquets. At the White House a great reception is tendered them by the First Lady of the Land, at which there is a chance that the member from Flat Rock, N. D., may get herself photographed with the president-general and the wife of the President of the United States. This would look well in the *Flat Rock Weekly Whisper*.

This kind of show is overwhelming to the social aspirant who enjoys the feeling of reflected importance; while the Daughter of independent mind who looks and laughs at all that is rare, not to say nonexistent.

Many of the activities of the D.A.R. are worthy of respect; some are absurd; some are regrettable. For the D.A.R., in league with similar organizations, is doing the real "boring from within" by creating a fear psychology.

I did not join the D.A.R. My sense of humor is insufficiently developed to stand the strain. But I might join, someday. Perhaps from the D.A.R. membership will someday come leaders who will stand for loyalty to the great principles of the founders of the Republic — independence, fearlessness, and freedom of speech. Perhaps.

In an early issue:
"These Feminized United States,"
by Struthers Burt

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Why I Don't Tell My Age

by **DELLA T. LUTES**

I AM ONE of millions of women who don't like to broadcast their age. Of course our good friends say that this is because we are "sensitive" about it. By this they mean that we should like, in manner and appearance, to seem younger than we are. And they do not intend to let us get away with it.

But sometimes a job depends more on relative (and I might say apparent) youthfulness than on ability. And sometimes our age is an even more vital matter to us. The matrimonial market closes rather early in life, and, if a little harmless equivocation is likely to let us under the bar, what of it?

Therefore, if sensitiveness means reluctance and even refusal to admit damaging if not damning evidence, then sensitiveness it is. But we still maintain that our age is nobody's business but our own.

The apparently almost unanimous presumption that a person's age should be a matter of public property may spring (aside from idle curiosity) from the assumption that, since census takers, insurance agents, steamboat companies, ambulance chasers, obit writers, political bureaus, and other impersonal agencies claim the right to such intimate data, surely one's friends may expect equal privilege. The difference lies, it seems to me, in the fact that public offices don't really give a hang how old you are. They won't talk about it. They just want to write it down.

These are, to be sure, days of mighty candor and frank avowal. We view, display, and discuss all our own affairs as well as those of others — finances, loves, diseases, marital and other sex relations, and sundry subjects once by preference shielded from the public eye. All our affairs, that is, but this one subject of age, to which last tattered rag of privacy some of us still cling.

Our worst enemies in this battle for reticence are the friends and relatives who brazenly flaunt their own years in our faces. These careless individuals are usually already secure in wedded happiness and have nothing to lose by this strategic move — or else they have lived all their lives in a single horrible town where everybody knows everybody else's business, including the date of his birth.

"Well," the Pest remarks brightly, "I'll be forty-nine my next birthday, and *she's* as old as *I* am — or" (hopefully) "*older.*" And after a pause — "I don't see what good it does you *not* to tell how old you are. You can't *do* anything about it."

It is when you go back home, however, having been away for some time, so that, the date of your birth having almost — but not quite — slipped the minds of those whose idea of hospitality seems to center in a lugubrious satisfaction in the passage of time, that you suffer most.

"Well, Dell," they say in tones of melancholy triumph when I visit my own home town, "We're all older'n we were last time you's here. Let's see, just how old *are* you now? Ummm. . . . Was you born a year, or two years, before Nellie was?"

At this stage of the conversation I am

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supposed to recapitulate my years and catalogue growing infirmities. Then I am to listen breathlessly to a roster of diseases, deaths, and all the vicious impotence of approaching extinction. Instead, I quote Senator Glass, whose statement that "age is a state of mind" should be remembered when all his political accomplishments are forgotten. I laugh — hollowly no doubt — and tell them I refuse to be dated. What I want to say is: "If you please, my age is none of your damn business."

But I don't get far with them. They smile a little, tolerantly or otherwise. "Just one of Dell's queer notions. She always was different." But it isn't just one of *Dell's* notions, however queer.

From Debutantes Up

A group of girls of debutante age recently had the subject of "coming-out" parties under debate. They were unanimous in one objection to the custom. "It dates you," they agreed. "If you get married right away it's all very well, but by the time you're twenty-three people begin to say, 'Why she had her coming-out party when she was nineteen. She's almost *twenty-four* now!'"

A woman whom I have known for 30 years is retiring from an important position. I never, during all that time, knew what her age was or cared. She had white hair when I first met her but she was the youngest woman I knew and one of the most beautiful. I never so much as wondered at her age, for whatever it was did not affect *her*. She was always charming, always interesting and interested. Her eyes lit with enthusiasm, deepened with understanding. Her work kept her in close association with many people, and men of all ages have always been devoted to her. To be welcomed to her small living room on a Sunday afternoon for cake and coffee was — and is — a much sought-after privilege. I was surprised and a little shocked when I learned that she was going to retire. I had thought of her as I should think of the ageless brook, going on and on, effortless and timeless.

"Well," she said, "how old do you think I am?"

The subject was repugnant to me. I never had and did not want to confine this lovely perennial creature within the limitations of time.

"When I retire in June," she said, searching my face for the anticipated shock, "I shall be just over eighty-two years old!"

The gasp of incredulity with which her information was received must have satisfied her, if surprise was what she wanted.

"If," she added, "my employers had ever dreamed how old I was they'd have fired me years ago!"

They would never have dreamed. No more should I. And I wish now that she had not told me. Always I have held her as in a living sea of fluid life, timeless as the shores against which it beat. Now I must think of her as *82 years old!* Going on 83! Old! Resigning. Giving up. Yesterday she was completely of this busy, exacting world. Now, because I know how dreadfully her days are numbered, she has become remote. What time is left her will be devoted to cheating the scythe. During all her life — all her mature life — she has never heeded the passing of time and so she never grew old. She sailed busily afloat on a river that had neither beginning nor end. She reckoned by accomplishment. When I bade her good-by there was in our farewell what had never been with us before — apprehension, fear. Lurking in her eyes was the shadow of a gowned figure, hooded, pallid, grinning — waiting.

The beloved principal of a girls' school who has been particularly successful in retaining the friendship and confidence of her pupils recently made her final address to them. She said, "Girls, if I were to ask you how old you think I am, what would you say?"

They looked at her in amazement. The matter of her age had never so much as occurred to them. She had been accepted at face value, like other school accessories. They stared at her as if refocusing their eyes on an object supposedly familiar, suddenly grown strange.

"That the thought is obviously new to you," she continued, smiling, "is the most sincere compliment you could have given me. It is ex-

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actly the attitude I would have had you take. Now, however, because I want the subject to be a part of my farewell message to you I am going to tell you, although telling ages is one of the things I do not believe in. And I know, too, that, when I have told you, your attitude toward me will change. So far, you have simply accepted me as your guide, philosopher, and friend. Particularly, I flatter myself," her eyes dwelt on them tenderly, "as your friend. Now from the egotism of youth and its abhorrence of age, when I tell you that I am *seventy-five years old*, you will recoil." She paused, and her keen, discerning eyes darkened with the shadow of her own prophecy.

In the drawing of a breath her status with these girls, whose natures for four years had unfolded under her wise companionship and guidance, had altered. She stood before them an old woman. Never again would they fly to her understanding and sympathy. What would an old woman know about love? Or about the misunderstanding of parents? She would side *with* parents. And against love.

"The reason I have told you," she resumed, "is because I should like you to see that, even though you now know that I am seventy-five years old, I don't *look* any older to you than I did an hour ago — do I?"

Their eyes, becoming accustomed to a well-known and beloved face in new guise, accepted the challenge. Perhaps she didn't, but —

"I have never," the pleasant voice proceeded, "talked about my age because I have wanted neither to confine myself to age limits nor to be thought of in terms of years. But, on the other hand, I have never obviously tried to conceal the effect of passing years. I mean by that that I have never resorted to unwarranted methods of appearing youthful. I have tried to keep my mind young, my body healthy, my person neat and appropriately clothed; in other words, to keep pace with the passing of time without letting it age me.

"It is hard for you now to foresee a day when youth will desert you, and it is to strengthen you against that day that I have made a confession to which I shall never again refer. I shall not be limited by the definite stretch of time, named and dated, and I do not want you to be. But I do want you to believe, because I am saying so if for no other reason, that each stage in life has its compensations. For youth it is pleasure, excitement, thrill. For middle age it is growth, development, appreciation. To the years beyond come mellowness, understanding, judgment, tolerance, and a fuller flowering of all the qualities that have been, throughout previous years, tending toward the final enrichment of life.

"I do not want you made conscious of the passing of time by emphasis laid on it but I do want you to believe and know that by accepting each stage as it comes, looking neither back with regret nor ahead with apprehension, you will never grow old. For *old* means — well — antique, senile, aged — faded. It means something that we do not want. This I do not intend to become," she added, smiling, "nor do you want to. So, do not check off your life a year at a time. Look on it as a stream, flowing, flowing between banks growing richer, more fruitful, more peaceful, more beautiful as it widens."

Why Be Your Age?

To the statement that we "can't do anything about it," we age concealers object. But to "do anything about it" is going to cost us no small amount of effort. Only dogged determination can keep us from yielding to the deadly and almost overwhelming odds. Why not, we are sometimes tempted, admit to thinning hair, false teeth, arch supporters, hardening arteries, sagging muscles, failing eyes, and all other presages, precursors, prophecies, and forerunners of old age, senility, and death — and be done with it? Why try to keep inquisitive noses out of our own affairs? Why try, even in our own minds, to defeat the ravages of time? Is it worth the effort?

I think it is. It seems to me a matter of self-preservation. We know that if we talk about being sick we are likely to *be* sick (or *feel* sick). Doctors of medicine and doctors of science tell us this is true. Where then, are the doctors and scientists who should be telling us that if we talk about and think about being old we shall *be* old?

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The battle against time, in which all, by the immutable law of self-preservation, naturally contend, is bitter enough at best. Why, then, make it harder by admitting defeat at the outset? Sufficient emphasis on the inevitable procession of days, months, and years is given us by old-age pensions, social security, life insurance, and other steps toward the cradling of infirmity to keep us properly cognizant of our ephemeral state without rubbing it in.

As for me, not only do I refuse to reveal my own age but I decline to discuss that of others. This is not entirely from a sense of fairness — sauce for the goose being sauce for the gander — or an utter lack of curiosity but because I don't want to look on my friends with one jaundiced eye on their birth certificates and the other, so to speak, on their teeth. I do not want to think of them as being so many years "old." Given an unprejudiced premise, I can accept a person at his face value. If his outlook on life is full of cobwebs, his attitude in general bilious and splenetic, then I know he is old. No statement in years would make it more obvious.

On the other hand, a youthful spirit can dominate gray hair or wrinkled hands, if it is not cramped and cumbered by the mental limitation of "years." If I have not been made self-conscious by being asked to state my age, I can be as genuinely at home, as happy and at ease, in the company of Twenty as of Sixty — and much more so if Sixty insists on being Seventy next birthday. The curt admonition to "be your age" doubtless has its place in the harsh disciplinary curriculum of life, but *Don't be your age* is a better one, if being it is going to make you act and feel old.

What is time, as we reckon it by the clock, but a man-made contrivance for the placing of events? Somebody, somewhere within the history of mankind saw that in developing order out of chaos it would be a convenience to have some chronological divisions of eternity; and these he called years, months, days, hours, minutes, and seconds, under the general name of time.

A man comes into the world. He has, as a matter of fact, been in the world for the greater part of a year before he comes forth to face it. Therefore he has already begun to grow old before he has a chance to argue about it. This ought to be taken into consideration by the gib-cats who, as soon as one birthday has been duly noted, lugubriously prophesy the next. "He's *already* a year old," they should say on the date of his birth.

This new encumberer of the earth has, according to the scriptural theory, approximately threescore years and ten to live — although according to earlier historians man just lived along until he grew so old there was no way of keeping track of him. After the gloomy bard set a limit to his years, man expected, at that age, to lie down and die. And, with that confident expectation, he might as well. A man with the constant thought of old age before him is half dead anyway.

From the day he comes into the world until the day he goes out of it, man is constantly informed, reminded, twitted of the shortness of his stay. But up to eighteen or so, the years make but little impression on him except as they have to do with the childish ambition to reach what a little girl once enthusiastically called the age of adultery, when freedom from parental restraint may, happily, be gained. From eighteen to 40, the passing of the years is a noticeable progression but not alarming. From 40 to 65, apprehension mounts. At 80 (maybe), braggadocio ousts fear. "Look at me!" the toothless hero boasts. "I've lived, now, ten years longer'n the Bible says I will. Might live to be a hundred — can't tell."

The Wingèd Chariot

Suppose I am given a task to do in exactly eight hours. I like working at it. As I proceed I realize that I cannot do a good job in the allotted time. I work feverishly, no longer happily, and always with that deadly limit beyond which I may not go. I am overwhelmed with dread. I may not get my work done. The specter of defeat stands over me. I give up — "What's the use? I shan't get it done anyway — I may as well quit."

I cannot, admittedly, halt the procession of events or

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stay the devastating hand of so-called death. Time advances on me, and eventually I will cringe and bow and fall. But do I have to rush out to meet the enemy, embrace him about the knees, and shriek to him that he may as well smother me now as later?

It is not that at 60 I would look or act like Sixteen. But I do not want to be *reminded* that I am 60. Science dares to lift its head and say that perchance a man's years and usefulness may be prolonged far beyond that point. Science calls it the conquest of disease but admits that, without hope, science hasn't a leg to stand on. And I maintain that hope is defeated by constant reminder of limitations. It takes energy to fight. Energy is dissipated by dread. The dread of death — not of the final moment itself but the dread of *approaching* death — is universal. We take various means to avoid the thought. Some seek pleasure to the point of exhaustion; others, forgetfulness in drink or drug and oblivion in sleep. Still others try so to fill their lives with usefulness, activity, enjoyable occupation that the thought of dissolution will not intrude. I would be amongst the latter. I not only want to live but I want to enjoy living.

We have become accustomed to associate old age with thoughts and visions of senility, decrepitude, uselessness, burdensomeness. That is because all our lives we have been compelled, reckoning by birthdays and years, to face age, death, and destruction. We do not think of Titian at 99, painting one of his most famous pictures; we think of Byron dying at 30. In thinking about growing old, we waste the energy we might use in living.

Our battle with time is a losing one, no matter how valiantly we fight. The question each has to decide is whether the end we seek — prolongation of useful life — is worth the energy that must be expended to gain it. I think it is — provided it is not just prolongation but prolongation of the *enjoyment* of life. It is an appallingly short period at best — in a world that offers exciting possibilities for ten times a hundred years. To destroy a terrifying percentage of that time in dreading or even mere contemplating the swift passage of the years, seems sinful waste.

My arguments may sound trivial. They are made in deadly seriousness. Two weeks of visiting among my friends and relations back home who delight in comparing years and infirmities, who devour all the ghastly details of death, and who practice a ghoulish perusal of obituaries reduce me to the point of anility. I avoid mirrors and throw all histories in the ash can lest they confront me with dates. As for looking forward to years of pleasant occupation, entertainment, enjoyment of an ephemeral world — let me try it, and a grim specter taps me on the shoulder: "You're getting too *old* to think of that!" If I stop to view the marching pageant on a busy thoroughfare, I scan each face with morbid eye and say, "Ha! You're growing *older*. Every time you put one foot before the other, you're a step nearer the *grave*."

"Well," say my how-old-are-you? friends, stubbornly, "you may refuse to *talk* about it, but just the same *you're growing older every hour you live!*"

To hear them, you'd think I didn't know it. In God's name, I ask, what of it? I was set down here, willy-nilly, in what I consider to be a pretty nice world in spite of a good many unpleasant features. I like it. I enjoy living in it, working in it, seeing all I can of it. And I don't want to be handicapped by thinking, "I've got just so many years in which to do it." I might be wrong. Besides, it's barely possible that when old age has got in its deadly work the end may be no more than an interruption. How foolish we should feel, on opening our eyes to a furtherance of this pleasant experience called living, to find that age as measured in earthly terms had nothing to do with it at all!

Why not proceed as if that might be true? At least why not refuse to be kept in Lob's pound by a lugubrious hobgoblin with hooked nose and drooling chin?

So, when and if you ever ask me how old I am, I shall say, first, "If you don't mind my saying so, it's none of your business." And if you persist I shall add: "If you please, I'd rather not talk about it." But, if someone should tell you or if you should attempt to guess how old I am, *don't believe anything you hear and only half of what you see!*

Next month:
"Art in the Planned State"

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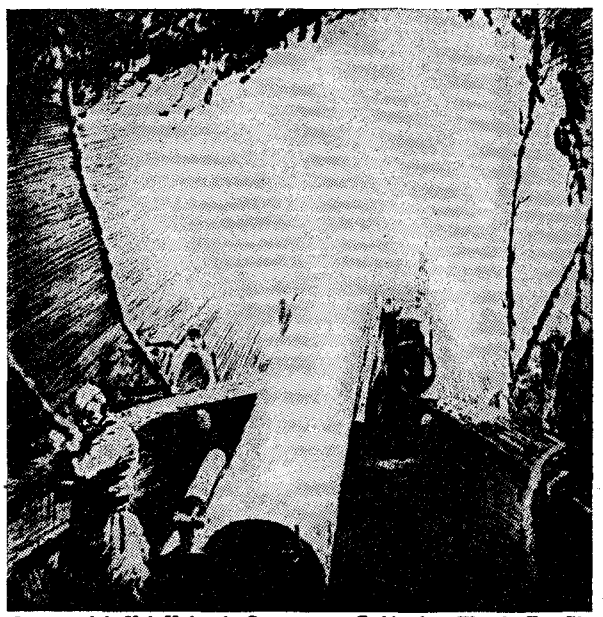
How to Stay Out of War—III

An Open Forum of Opinions on Keeping America Neutral

THIS IS *the third of three symposia of opinions answering the question:* If a new and gigantic war should threaten civilization, what policies should the United States pursue in order to avoid being drawn into the conflict and to safeguard and conserve her physical and spiritual resources? *In the two preceding issues* THE FORUM *has presented the views of proponents of "mandatory" and "discretionary" neutrality, of those who favor alliance with other democratic nations, and of upholders of the League of Nations. In the following pages are three more general classes of opinion: (1) favoring vigilant national defense; (2) offering drastic readjustment of the national economy as a prerequisite to peace; and (3) advocating a Pan-American alliance of defense, a new Monroe Doctrine.*



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Strong National Defense

ABBOTT BOONE

Colonel, Field Artillery

THE PRESENT possible roles of America during an extended foreign war, i.e., a war in which the League of Nations Covenant falls completely by the wayside, might be listed as follows:

First, strict neutrality, based on compliance with existing rules of international law, and insistence on similar compliance by belligerent nations, i.e, our traditional and World War policy. In other words, absolute equality in the exercise of neutral *rights* to loan, sell, and ship and of belligerent *rights* to borrow, purchase, and receive and in the strict fulfillment of both neutral and belligerent *duties*.

Second, modified neutrality, based on unilateral renunciation by the United States of her traditional freedom-of-the-seas policy and of certain neutral rights, now existing under international law, concerning trade, loans, and travel, such as proposed by our new neutrality legislation now in temporary effect.

In my studied opinion neither of the above roles promises security against war for America. The first has been tried and twice found inadequate. The second violates the rules of international justice; establishes inequalities; assumes the "power to be unjust"; presumes a judgment to our sole interest; arouses hatreds, jealousies, and reprisals; deprives us of the right to choose between the right and the wrong; releases us as the champion of humanity and the freedom of the seas; and promises such a tide of inequalities, dislocations, and repercussions that I am led to the inevitable conclusion that our new neutrality law is unwise and unenforceable municipal legislation savoring of our defunct prohibition amendment and that the following alternative plan offers the best course for America to pursue:

1. That Congress permit the new neutrality legislation to expire without renewal on May 1 next.

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2. That on the outbreak of a general war our army and navy be immediately placed upon a war footing, regardless of our particular neutrality policy.

3. That, pending a revision of international law, the United States continue in force our traditional neutrality policy.

4. That, recognizing now the threat of war and taking cognizance of the new weapons — the airplane, the submarine, poison gas, and bacteriology, the President of the United States immediately call a world conference in Washington, where, away from the tensions of Europe and Asia, new rules of warfare on land and sea and in the air could be adopted. These new rules should provide substantially as follows:

a. On the outbreak of war, a war zone shall be immediately declared by the belligerents or, in default of such declaration, then by the concerted declaration of the neutral states.

b. Within that war zone all trade and travel, whether neutral or belligerent, shall be at the risk of the trader or traveler.

c. Outside the war zone the present rules of international law shall apply.

d. No embargoes or financial restrictions whatever shall be imposed by neutrals, but all commodities used in war or industry destined to a belligerent shall be contraband of war.

e. Airplane bombing and submarine torpedoing of ships and airplane bombing of cities within the declared war zone shall be absolutely unrestricted.

f. Gas and bacteriological warfare shall be recognized on the same basis as any other means.

New rules such as the above would recognize realities; they would permit use on an equal basis of all scientific means of war, which will inevitably be used by nations at bay in spite of restrictions or prohibitions; they would let the world know in advance exactly what to expect; and, above all, they would not subject the people of the United States to any restrictions in trade, finance, or travel not equally borne by all neutrals. All nations would be in the same boat, under a world-wide agreement; belligerents would be able to use legally the means which they would otherwise use illegally; nations would have unanimously surrendered rights impossible to maintain without war and would have accepted conditions of warfare inevitable in the progress of science. By no other means do I believe the United States or any other important neutral can remain out of the next war. But — and this is of outstanding importance — whatever our neutrality policy, this country should go on a war footing immediately on the outbreak of a general war.

WILLIAM HOVGAARD

Professor of Naval Construction

PERHAPS the most unavoidable, although not the most serious, causes of conflict are those associated with maritime rights, such as, for instance, trading directly with the belligerents, especially when, as in the World War, credits, munitions, and all ordinary commodities are freely accorded one of the belligerent parties, while they are denied, although by necessity, to the other party, thus provoking enmity in the latter. In this connection many other sources of trouble might be mentioned — such as Americans traveling in belligerent ships.

Foremost among major causes of conflict are infringements of sovereignty, liable to occur in outlying possessions or protectorates of the United States or in the territory of other American republics. Attempts may be made to draw some of the latter republics into the war.

Also, as happened in 1917, there may be the danger that a hegemony will be established by one of the warring nations, threatening eventually the security of this country.

When nations are fighting for their existence, primitive instincts are let loose, and there are liable to be desperate acts which are contrary to the prevalent notions of civilized warfare and which greatly excite the passions. This happened when Germany commenced the use of poison gas and especially when she launched the unrestricted submarine warfare which was the immediate cause of this country's entering the War.

It is believed by many that the danger of the United States being drawn into war could be eliminated if only we would follow a more cautious and strict policy of neutrality. It is proposed that the United States should refrain from all trade with the belligerents of both sides and that in any case she should prohibit

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the carrying of contraband as well as other goods consigned to belligerents in American bottoms, whether directly or indirectly, as when the goods are documented for discharge in neutral ports. It is hardly conceivable, however, that such a drastic policy, although wise in principle, would be adopted in its entirety, especially since certain indispensable commodities, such as rubber, might not be obtainable in sufficient quantities in neutral markets. Such policy, moreover, although it might prevent many minor conflicts, would not remove the major causes of war.

The best safeguard against those dangers is fully to be prepared for war. If the United States in 1917 had been so prepared, it is likely that Germany would never have declared the unrestricted submarine warfare. Hence, besides following an impartial policy of neutrality based on revised international regulations, the United States should possess an armament of the same order as that now being built up by other great powers. Even then, under certain circumstances, the country may be forced into war.

Armament is not suggested as the best or the ultimate solution; it should be realized that internationally the world is still in the state of nature, where war or the threat of war is the normal condition. It is the state of the jungle, where fighting and killing are rampant and fear is the dominating emotion. The state of peace is not natural; it requires a world organization, which can be created only by man by virtue of his power of reasoning but is contrary to the inherited instincts of suspicion and fear. So long as man refuses to follow the dictates of intelligence and reason, nature, which tends toward equilibrium, a minimum potential, will inexorably apply war with its agonies and miseries in order to further the evolution of mankind toward a state of law and order. Evidently the lesson of the last war was not sufficiently severe to further this evolution appreciably.

The Unknown Poilu

After our heroic blood-bath
In defense of Verdun,
I was one of that division
Which refused to advance
When General Nivelle
Ordered his grandiose attack
On the German lines in Champagne.
For protesting against
His imbecile plan,
We were annihilated
By our own artillery;
And so I sleep
Immured in stone
Where the military band plays:
"Ye sons of France! Awake to Glory!"

Alex B. Uhrig

J. G. HARBORD

Radio executive

WE ARE a tolerant, peace-loving people, blessed with geographic and economic advantages that preclude most of the tensions existing among European nations. As a people we hate the idea of war. We have a full comprehension not alone of its destructiveness and horror but also of the absence of justice as a determining factor in any decision based solely upon physical force.

It is this attitude, rather than any conceivable set of laws that might be enacted, that will effectively prevent a free and democratic people from undertaking any war of conquest or aggression or any war of defense except under the most profound provocation.

I believe, however, that it is possible greatly to lessen the danger that such provocation might occur. This is by the maintenance of a thorough and vigilant state of national defense. By no other method can we hope even for freedom from provocation by any government that bases its actions upon the doctrine that might makes right. Although the language of force is foreign to us, for the sake of peace we must be able to address, unmistakably in their own tongue, those who understand no other.

T. P. MAGRUDER

Rear admiral, U.S.N. (retired)

1. MAINTAIN *a strict neutrality.* Neutrality in spirit as well as law. Neutrality that applies to citizens as well as to government. A citizen of the United States, enlisting under a foreign flag, should automatically lose American citizenship. The fact that American aviators have gone to Spain to kill women and children for a few paltry dollars is, or should be,

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abhorrent to every normal sense of decency.

2. *A close understanding and co-operation with the British Commonwealth, Scandinavia, and other true democracies.* To preserve peace it might even be advisable to go so far, if necessary, as to form an armed neutrality. Peace at any price and by force if necessary should be a cardinal policy of peace-loving nations. The League of Nations failed to prevent aggression in China and Ethiopia. Yet the Wilsonian doctrine was sound. Why should objection be made to the United States' making commitments with other powers for high moral purposes?

The true democracies, banded together solely in the interests of peace, should have peace. Their superiority in all resources, financial and industrial, in sea power, in fact, in every element of strength, makes their position impregnable. No nation could attack any one of them with any hope of success. "If they should act together they have it in their power to end world war, though not . . . to end all war."

3. *Liquidation of liabilities that may engender serious international disputes.* That is, diminishing national vulnerability. Neutralization of the Philippine Islands and of the Panama Canal are two examples of this.

4. *The United States not to enter into competition with other nations in a naval race.* Such competition, as recently stated by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, is silly. Not only that; competition is futile. It leads inevitably to war. The enormous sums expended for needless armaments were far better spent for public works and social advancement.

The development and progress of aviation and its possibilities in future warfare have just become recognized. That this will profoundly affect grand strategy is certain. No longer is it conceivable that any foreign enemy may attack the shores of the United States, much less attempt invasion. That fact should result in a feeling of security and permit the United States to formulate her policies without much consideration of the effect of these policies on other nations.

Economic Readjustment

PETER MOLYNEAUX

Editor

THE VARIOUS possible policies among which the United States would have to choose if a new and gigantic war should threaten civilization in Europe, seem to me to be about equally futile. Those that could be successfully and effectively applied at all present prospects of equal frightfulness. I think I have explored all the possibilities thoroughly and I have found none which gives any measurable assurance of safety in the event of such a war. The impression that there is such a policy is a delusion and a very dangerous one. For even if we succeeded in avoiding actual participation in the conflict altogether, a possibility which I seriously question, we could not escape the economic and social collapse and prostration, approaching chaos, which would be the inevitable consequence of such a war.

The United States is not free of responsibility for the conditions in the world which tend to make a new and gigantic war an impending menace to civilization. The economic pressure which has been operating with such inexorable power upon the populations of many countries, manifesting itself in political and social policies which threaten the peace of the world, is generated continuously by the commercial exclusiveness which taints the economic policies of the leading nations of the world, none to a greater degree than those of the United States. This pressure, which seems destined sooner or later to plunge the nations into a war of mutual destruction, must be removed if we are ever to have a world of peaceful progress. The barriers which prevent the peoples of so many countries from obtaining vitally essential materials from the outside world in exchange for the products of their own labor must be lowered. To the American people this means that they must lower the barriers which have so largely destroyed the world's power to purchase and pay for American products.

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HOW TO STAY OUT OF WAR

GEORGE SELDES

Journalist

To avoid being drawn into a new and gigantic war threatening civilization the United States could do one of many things generally listed as impractical, fantastic, idealistic, and naïve — as, for example, making the necessary constitutional changes in government so that we became a co-operative commonwealth, employing man, the machine, and the natural resources of America for the purpose of supplying every person with all that he requires, thereby preventing the bankers and financiers from forcing us into a position which eventually drags us into war and preventing the munitions makers and plain dirt farmers from even desiring to profit by it.

I do not think there are any easy, practical formulae for keeping out of war. One practical thing I should advocate: a voluntary oath from every boy and girl in America, *I swear I will never fight in a commercial war.*

All modern wars are commercial. The only war worth fighting is the war against fascism.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Author

Wars, when they come, are merely the automatic working out of the competition between nations, which today are nothing but competitive commercial groups, each using the slogans and shams of patriotism to delude the people into serving their exploiters. I do not believe that America will keep out of the next world war and I do not believe that there is anything that can be done to keep us out of that war, unless and until we are willing to socialize our industries and abolish the profit motive in our economy. The breakdown of capitalism has proceeded to the point where we are drifting into bankruptcy because of the burden of supporting the unemployed. Cutting off our foreign trade and profits would multiply this distress, and the people would never stand it. Add to that the ability of big-scale profit takers to raise a clamor and influence the public mind and you have forces which will automatically and inevitably take us into the next world war.

Pan-American Alliance

CYRUS P. BARNUM

International-relations specialist

Neutrality is not enough. At best it is passive, negative, and costly. Most Americans will not be satisfied with that role very long. Some form of positive action is needed which will lead to constructive gains rather than destructive losses and fill the double function of providing an outlet for our feelings and developing an offset to our losses due to war. An opportunity for such positive action stands just now at our very door.

We may turn with an enthusiasm that will require much of our energy to the development of co-operative relations with other countries, including Canada, on the American continents. Such relations might have at least the following objectives:

1. The production and the fair distribution among the peoples of these countries of the essentials of a high standard of living, a result which would greatly add to social, economic, and political stability in these two continents.
2. The development of markets and sources of raw materials to replace those at least temporarily cut off by the war. While even these two great continents do not contain all the desirable raw materials required by modern civilization, they constitute a much more nearly self-sufficient area than any single nation, however favorably situated.
3. A demonstration of the economic, political, and social advantages of international co-operation and confidence, in contrast to rivalry, suspicion, and conflict, and of the possibility of achieving these ends among sovereign states without loss of prestige, customs, language, or other cherished ideals.

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Neutrality is not enough. But neutrality toward Europe plus positive co-operation with our American neighbors may solve our immediate problem better than any other program.

LYNN M. CASE

Professor of history

THE UNITED States should readapt the Monroe Doctrine along lines meeting the present-day situation. A Pan-American league of nations should be organized to deal in part with a common neutrality policy. This policy should be well defined and adopted in advance. All Pan-American nations should promise to defend themselves only when attacked in American territory (including Hawaii). This defense should materialize in the form of general assistance by all American nations to any American nation so attacked. All American nations should agree to stop all trade with and loans to European belligerents. Indeed, at the beginning of a European war and again during its progress the Pan-American league should agree voluntarily to stop trade with certain European nonbelligerents and to shun certain sea areas which they might decide were dangerous. Finally, the members of the Pan-American league should promise each other the greatest possible transfer of this interrupted trade to the channels of inter-American commerce. The American action toward European belligerents should be automatic, and a standing committee should always be at hand to put the policy into force and to supervise its general observance.

At home the United States Government should pass its own neutrality laws in conformity with the Pan-American league requirements. If the American nations cannot agree on a rigid neutrality, then our government should make its own supplementary laws which would effectively stop all its trade with and loans to European belligerents and all trade with European neutrals and through European seas where there would be danger of embroilment. But beyond mere neutrality legislation the United States should also make far-reaching provisions for alleviating the hardships of neutrality. The temporary loss of European markets should be countered not only by increased trade with Latin-America and Canada but also by a decided increase of the domestic market. This should be accomplished by a carefully considered scheme for a more equitable distribution of wealth. On the one hand such a plan would probably include the abolition of child labor, the 40-hour week, a national minimum-wage scale of about $25 a week, unemployment insurance, work relief, and old-age pensions; on the other hand it would presuppose higher and more steeply graduated taxes on corporations, inheritances, and incomes.

A neutrality policy must always be considered a makeshift arrangement. A permanent American foreign policy should be concerned with the effective abolition of war, which should involve the fullest international co-operation rather than isolation.

For Young Men in Threat of War

Let them die upon their pillows, like decent men,
Better that sickness eat their bones away,
Better the limp hands and the eyes filmed grey,
Than that they shout for blood and be beasts again.
A man who lies in death must have strength for ten.
Though prayer is out of fashion and form today,
Let them have time to wonder, time to pray,
To touch the cross, to grip the guided pen.
Let them have long white beards to mumble through.
Let them grow old, and stiffly walk with canes,
Telling the tale of their full age of peace,
Remembering every year that Beauty grew,
And through those years, as through clear windowpanes,
Observe the spring, the orchards white as fleece.

Audrey Wurdemann

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The Artist's Point of View

John J. A. Murphy's Woodcuts

JOHN J. A. MURPHY has done things in his modern woodcuts which *in toto* have probably never been achieved before in the history of this oldest of all the print mediums. He has plumbed a fourth dimension. He has played blacks and whites into new and different harmonies and rhythms. He has expressed human life with a kind of dynamics which relates to the dynamics of movement characteristic of the motion picture but which has never before been thought of as possible in a single "still" picture printed on paper. Then, in addition to all this, he represents the master craftsman who must work endless hours to create the utmost in perfection — of both block and print. This is the man whose work of the past sixteen years has just been on view at the Walker Gallery in New York, from where it is now invited to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh.

What do these statements mean? What fourth dimension?

A fourth dimension of movement or vibration. In his latest of blocks of boxers, shot-putters, sprinters, and wrestlers, Murphy has actually created the illusion of vibrating or moving forms. Take the wrestlers shown above as an example. Looked at close to, the picture is an allover jerky pattern of small, broken-up planes of blacks, half tones, and whites, which may be annoying because of their multitude of vibrating changes and because they seem to tear normal bodies into chunks of form. But at a certain distance big forms emerge — the small ones melting into them or becoming the infinite movements of a crowd. It is this act of distilling movements of life's chaos into the unity and harmony of a re-creation of life within the borders of a picture which is such an astonishing and rare achievement.

The harmonies and rhythms also emerge from apparent chaos. Note how the new touches of horizontal movements of steps counteract and relieve the dominant curves and diagonals. Note the horizontal form and the diagonals of action which swirl around it. Counterpoint. Opposition. Variation. Repeats. Such control of all visual elements creates "visual music."

In the motion picture, movements and countermovements are recorded from the vast stage of actual life. When the camera is in the hands of an artist director like Eisenstein or Fehrer, selections from life's chaos can be unified and dramatized with a minimum of extraneous material. Here Murphy has eliminated all the irrelevant and so created the purest form of which his soul is capable. He has condensed nature into high drama on a twelve-inch picture stage.

Wood block by John J. A. Murphy *Courtesy of the Walker Gallery*

Achievements of this caliber cannot quite be read by him who runs. They demand keen vision and some degree of participation. As crystallizations of experience by a creative artist, they compel the observer to share with them his power of creative perception and understanding. Lacking this, they may well fail to register. But, when an observer notes that failure in his own case, he should look well to his critical equipment to see where the rust may lie.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

The 27th annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America, on April 1, will be in honor of Robert Frost. ✓ ✓ ✓ The first award of the American Academy of Poets, $5,000, is made to Edwin Markham. ✓ ✓ ✓ Members of the Poetry Society have subscribed a Poet's Fund of $1,000 to be used for loans to members.

The Works of Alexander Pushkin, edited by Avraham Yarmolinsky (Random House, $3.50) is a helpful handbook for those who are attending the lectures and operas celebrating Pushkin's centenary throughout the country. Many of the poems are translated by Babette Deutch. The Poems of Maria Lowell (Brown University, $2.00) confirm the belated impression that, though her production was scant, Maria Lowell was perhaps as genuine a poet as her husband. Like Maria Lowell and Emily Dickinson, our own youthful contemporary, Audrey Wurdemann, is an intellectual. Splendour in the Grass (Harper, $2.00), her latest volume, reveals again her microscopic shades and tints, her novel but accurate new images of familiar forms.

In his current volume, Spell Against Time (Putnam, $2.00), David Morton reaffirms his calm mastery of the sonnet as well as various other lovely lyric modes. For editors of magazines there is no surer and more responsible poet in America. Lawrence the Last Crusade, by Selden Rodman (Viking, $2.50), is an able verse narrative of T. E. Lawrence and Arabia. It is written in a blank verse broken by dactyls in that new staccato manner which MacLeish finds as true to American conversation as the stately iambic pentameter was to the Elizabethans.

It Dawneth in the Easte by James Mill Northe (Saunders), is a choice collector's piece. Bible Ballads, by Pater Guilielmus (Bruce Humphries, $1.25), provides laughter for the sad grave of Robert Ingersoll. Dust of Our Time, by G. H. Ameroy Hartwell (published by the author), is plain, vigorous verse of sturdy regional appeal. And finally, a poet laureate legitimately appointed by the governor of the State of Colorado, Nellie Burget Miller in Pictures from the Plains (Poets Press, $2.00) follows the warm tradition of James Whitcomb Riley in verse that will bring inspiration and purpose when read aloud in many a family circle.

Appoint a Poet Laureate!

by MARGERY MANSFIELD

It is becoming a popular pastime for governors and mayors to name State and city poets laureate. Unfortunately others are also doing it. Who has the authority to present these regional laurel wreaths? The Poetry Society has been asked to lay down some principles. The writer is the corresponding secretary of the Poetry Society of America. She has put her answer in the form of a dialogue.

"Here is a letter asking for an article on State poets laureate."

"You will make forty-eight enemies."

"More. There are several claimants in several States. You see, not all the States have legal provision for appointing a poet laureate, so various organizations — chiefly the Federated Women's Clubs — took to naming their own. In the absence of official State appointments, these were often called State poets laureate; so we have been building the broadly democratic American tradition under which anyone may name a poet laureate for any State in the Union. All went well until a Mr. Earl Cuevas, somewhat irrelevantly described as a former salesman of cemetery lots, organized the Poet Laureate League for the purpose of appointing poets laureate. Still all went well, until in Ohio he made the mistake of telling the newspapers that the appointments were made from lists given him by local libraries, poetry societies, poets, poetry editors, etc. These rose up to say they had not been consulted and to point out that Mr. Cuevas is not an Ohioan."

"Just what is a poet laureate?"

"According to Webster, a poet crowned with the laurel, as a mark of honor. Obviously, any poet's head may be so crowned by any pair of human hands. Keats received at least two laurel wreaths, one from a young lady and one from our most prophetic critic, Leigh Hunt. He wrote three sonnets in return, one of them entitled *To the Ladies Who Saw Me Crowned*. Best of all, it wrung from him a fine propitiation to Apollo, the *Hymn to Apollo*, containing the lines —

God of the golden bow. . . .
Where, where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idiot I put on my wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story,
Or was I a worm, too low crawling, for death?
O Delphic Apollo!
When who — who did dare
To tie, like a madman, thy plant round his brow,
And grin and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly,
And live for that honour, to stoop to thee now?
O Delphic Apollo!

II

A poet's emotions are mixed when he receives the Muse's wreath. I have talked to more than one poet laureate and found them touched by the tribute, even if afraid they did not deserve it or if critical of the verse of other poets laureate. But aren't you glad someone had the sense to give Keats a laurel wreath? — even if it was not his king (whose name, somehow, I can't remember!). But Keats was never called the Poet Laureate of England. He was just a private poet laureate to Hunt and the young lady. The Poet Laureate of England is appointed by the sovereign, and is, theoretically, a member of the royal household, receiving a stipend which represents his share of the royal wine. He has the duty of writing odes for royal and national occasions. If the title is to mean anything in America, our Poets Laureate will have to be elected by those to whom they are poets laureate or will have to be appointed by their chief executive. Thus a State poet laureate would be either elected by the people or appointed by the governor of the State.

"The latter method is in use in several states. Alabama provided for a poet laureate in her constitution; but most

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Appoint a Poet Laureate!

States have to pass enabling acts before the governor can make the appointment officially. The Poet Laureate of Alabama is Samuel Minturn Peck, now old and well-beloved. It is said that he has received hundreds of letters from school children. He writes simple, spontaneous, singing verse, suitable for schoolbooks and songbooks and for use over the radio. There is something to be said for having the poet laureate a 'people's' poet, even a 'children's' poet rather than a 'poet's' poet. James Whitcomb Riley was Poet Laureate of Indiana, and it is hard to say who would have been better.

"California also has a poet laureate appointed by the governor. It is said that the groundwork was done by the Catholic Women's Club. If so, I fear it unwittingly did the good man an injury. He is Representative John Steven McGroarty, described by one of my correspondents as 'a fine man, but my God not a poet.' Yet *Collier's* ran an article poking fun at him and implying that, since he was a poet, his economics must be unsound. For, despite Yeats, despite Milton, the public takes it for granted that the roles of poet and man in practical affairs are incompatible."

III

"Do the *poets* want more poets laureate?"

"They defeated a poet-laureate movement in Hawaii. Harriet Monroe, in her editorials, usually attacked the holders of the office, on the ground that they were not the most able poets in their States, though she conceded that some of them had good taste and charm. Miss Monroe felt that poets laureate worked out fairly well in Europe but that we had not the necessary literary traditions. Of course those who favor poets laureate think it is the way to start those traditions, by educating the public. As an educational technique, it may be a good thing for school children, women's clubs, radio fans, and others to vote for a poet. But the winning poet should be laureate to only the body electing him; he should not be called a State poet laureate. In this way we could avoid the sort of situation we have today — with more than one claimant in Missouri and Oklahoma (though in the latter neither was appointed by the governor) and with the laureateship offered to a poet in California despite the fact that the post had been filled by the governor.

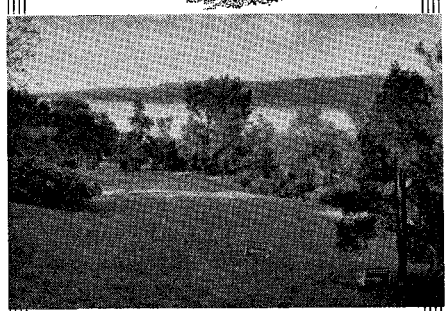
"I could name you the Poet Laureate League appointees in these States and also those for Minnesota and Iowa but I doubt if the names would mean much to you. Cuevas himself is the League's appointee for Mississippi. Benjamin Musser was the League's choice for New Jersey; but he did not accept until the governor approved the appointment, and it is said that he no longer gives his moral support to the League. Ralph Cheyney, the League's appointee for Pennsylvania, recently resigned.

"Is it suspected that the Poet Laureate League is a racket?"

"It would seem to be too poor a racket. At one time it had a moderate membership fee, entitling the payer to vote for poet laureate in his own State. But who would pay to vote for a poet?

"We had better adopt the old newspaper formula of always saying who appoints whom to what, when, where, and *why*. It also occurs to me that, in States in which legislation would have to be passed, it might as well be legislation making the poet laureate an office-holder elected directly by the people, for a term of four years, the poet to receive a small salary and be literary adviser to the administration. The salary would give several poets, in the course of a generation, leisure for creative work and would compensate them for attacks that would inevitably be made on their literary reputations. We should then be educating the people. Now we educate only the governors."

The American Nauheim



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CHARLATANS AND OTHER MATTERS

To the Editor:

I know your hard-boiled and progressive young assistants are scornful of anybody who is over fifteen years of age [It's not true! — Ed.] and I see they still believe in that charlatan Pearson who asserts that he can teach everyone to create art objects and do it without their being obliged to "learn anything" or to "think" or to have "any natural endowment" or to "know any technique" of any of the arts. However, I am delighted that in the case of his present article in the March number ["Surrealism, Dada, and Abstract Art"] apparently without knowing it you have answered it and him magnificently in your editorial on apprenticeship ["Apprentice Young America"]. This tells the whole story. The ignorant and the incompetent, the unskilled, have been promoted as basic elements in our civilization by men like Pearson all too long. Would you mind telling your young men to reread your editorial and then reread the Pearson claptrap? It will do them good.

I notice that Louis Adamic is loose again, and he mentions casually that the Knights of Labor failed just as the American Federation will fail today ["John L. Lewis' Push to Power," March FORUM]. The sentence is so brief a one that it is difficult to say how much or how little he knows about the situation. I have met Lewis, I knew Gompers, and I knew Powderly, the grand master of the Knights of Labor, since the headquarters of the Knights of Labor were in Philadelphia. The fact is Powderly and Hayes and all the Knights of Labor leaders organized labor along the lines that Lewis is setting up today, which Adamic seems to think are a novelty. The local assemblies and district assemblies of the Knights of Labor cut across all trades and all industrial activities, skilled and unskilled. Powderly failed because of two things: (1) the incoherent nature of mixed committees when dealing with specific trade disputes; (2) the fact that, when he had over a million people in, Powderly lost his head and went in for politics. Then there was a third contingency. Powderly was strong for culture, book culture and art culture, which Adamic says Lewis knows nothing about. Naturally, the main issue in the failure of the Knights was that Gompers the cigar maker and McGuire the carpenter were able to talk trade methods and the technique of the trades to employers.

HARVEY M. WATTS

Philadelphia, Pa.

San Diego
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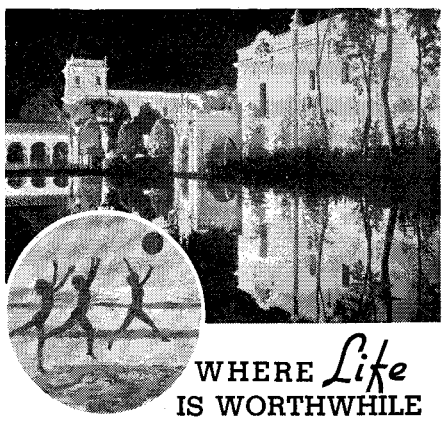

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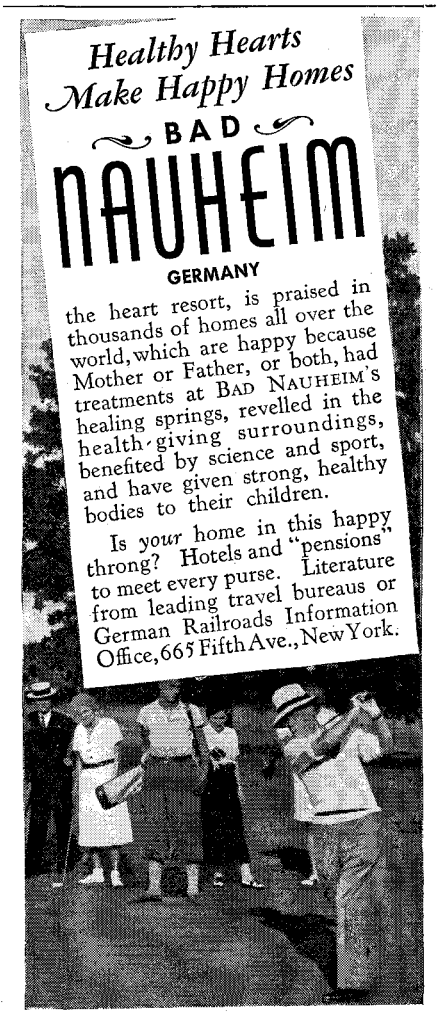

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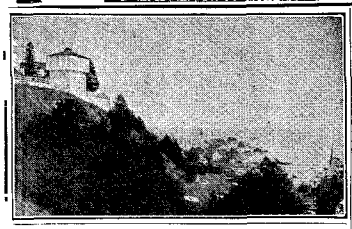

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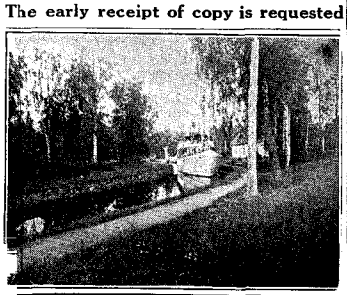

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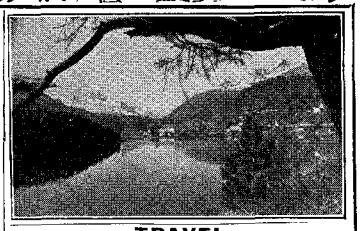

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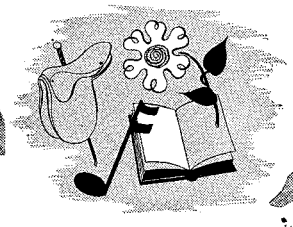

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Our Rostrum

Sex and Finances

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

It is inescapable that the financial factor alters any personal relationship in a subtle but powerful manner. A rule of Victorian manners, if not morals, and one which is still widely observed was that a woman should never accept valuable gifts or money from a man because she would feel under obligation to him and might, therefore, find it difficult to maintain her integrity in her conduct with him. The same is true for a man, and it seems to me that this is the difficulty which the young couple in the article ["Adventure in Finance," March Forum] face. His professional career may be dearly bought if this is true. Whether or not it should be so, a disturbing element has been brought into their relationship, and I do not believe that the young woman can write of the experience as quite so complete as her article seems to indicate. Only the years will tell what has really happened.

. . . . . .

. . . It seems to me that in most cases a girl must either make up her mind to be one of the sacrifices which may bring about a changed order or, weighing everything carefully, decide that her happiness demands living in accordance with tradition. Of course the present mores may have their roots in biology as well as in tradition. Who knows?

Jessie E. Gibson
Dean of Women

Pomona College
Claremont, Calif.

A Pilot Disagrees

To the Editor:

In The Forum for February was printed another article ["Dividends and Death"] on transport flying: another article by another author whose knowledge of his subject is too limited. Shortly after midnight tonight I shall take off for Newark on my regular run, and, if Malcolm B. Ronald knew as well as I what that involved and what it didn't involve, I shouldn't mind your printing his tales. Like all Hollywood's flying pictures, Mr. Ronald's detail is contorted. . . .

. . . A very sensible young man who has made his living for some time flying transport ships up and down our big-time airways is more than annoyed by "Dividends and Death." Ask him [Mr. Ronald] if he really believes we boys get lost and unlost in the manner he describes and illustrates with his twice-cut "pies." Does he really believe our dandy little radio ranges are for emergency use only? And our employers (the monsters!) have seized upon them to clear in poor weather — with a load of guinea pigs! Who do you suppose told Mr. Ronald that we poor chaps couldn't detour around the tough spots without getting lost, taking a chance on peeling a mountain or populating a marble orchard (graveyard to you), and having to "gamble" on our orientation before getting our little piggies out of such a frightful mess? . . . Now that I know, I musn't forget to ask for a raise tonight or quit and go with Pan-American so's I can dodge these unexpected storm centers.

Tell Mr. Ronald not to feel so sure he didn't reveal "anything that hundreds of pilots do not know." I'm one pilot who didn't know people could be so easily satisfied with just any old answer — except, of course, that elderly lady we had one night. She just couldn't understand how we boys navigated so successfully when nobody could see a darned thing out the window. Well, Sir, we had our pet R. N. feeding the piggies that night, and she pointed out the red light on one wing and the green light on the other wing, and the lady said yes, she could see those little lights all right. Why, then, said the R. N., it's really so simple: the pilots just keep right between them!

The lady's name was Walsh or something like that. Don't accept any articles she sends you on flying.

Richard J. Young

Chicago, Ill.

A Letter to Mary Colum

Dear Mrs. Colum,

I wish to send you my deepest thanks for your article in the February Forum ["The Common Desire to Create"], especially for the last part of the last page — "An Outlet for the Half-Talents." You have reawakened an old vision within me.

I am the wife of a college professor. . . . The depression hit our college . . . and we were forced out. . . . But we have been trying to hearten these young people — a hard task in these difficult times. . . . Some . . . seem to be yearning for something in the way of fulfillment of their dreams. Your suggestion of an "outlet for the half-talents, the everyday aspirants toward self-expression" is splendid. So many don't want to do anything unless they can excel, forgetting the joy that comes from actually *doing* in their envy of those who attain fame. That was my trouble a few years ago. I've grown a bit wiser since. I wanted to write. I was so eager to get started on a writing career that I didn't even take the time to enjoy my first baby as I should have. When he was five and my daughter came, I gave myself up wholly to the sheer delight of caring for her. . . .

. . . I pray that I may be diverted from attempting to publish poor poetry and prose into using my talents in the practical art of rearing my children. . . .

M. H.

Blair, Neb.

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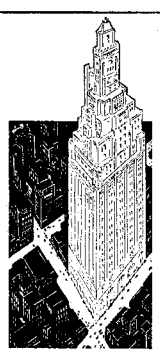

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BANKING FOR THE LITTLE MAN

BERTRAM B. FOWLER

"Credit" is a word with a tangible meaning, as a rule, for only privileged members of society. For millions of wage earners, "credit" and the institutions which extend it, banks, are veiled in sacrosanct and distant mystery. Installment buying, which extracts a heavy premium has been their only means of obtaining it. But a socially minded German, nearly a century ago, decided that credit was actually no more sacrosanct than any commodity, and out of that conception has grown the credit-union movement. It is a simple plan, and it is breaking the grip of the moneylender on the wage earner. We have copies of *May* '35 containing this article. Price..... 50c

FORUM 570 Lexington Avenue New York City

TOASTS

MILTON S. MAYER, formerly a reporter for the *Chicago American*, resigned last year to devote himself to free-lancing. His last FORUM article was "Myth of the 'G' Men," in September, 1935.

STRUTHERS BURT writes from Summerville, South Carolina, that he is halfway through a new novel and is mentally in the vague condition of contentment plus occasional fright which that situation invariably brings him.

ARTHUR H. COMPTON's impressive title at the University of Chicago is Charles H. Swift Distinguished Service Professor of Physics. His chief activity at present is concerned with the establishment of permanent cosmic-ray stations at seven widely scattered points on the globe.

GARDNER MURPHY is professor of social psychology at Columbia University. He says that he approaches the work of the spontaneity theater not as a scholar of the drama but as a student of what happens to the individual when he acts a dramatist's role.

EDWARD BERMAN is a labor economist with the WPA in Washington. A year ago Harper published his book, *Life Insurance: a Critical Examination.*

J. B. MACLEAN is an associate actuary with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. He entered the insurance business in Scotland and has been with the Mutual Life of New York since 1911.

MARY EVERETT is a native of the South now living in St. Paul, Minnesota, where her husband teaches at the State university. She is comparatively new to magazine writing but has published a number of articles in the last two years.

RUSSELL HOLT PETERS, who is an old FORUM contributor, is a newspaperman from the corn belt of the Middle West.

JAMES THURBER attended Ohio State University but didn't graduate. A former State Department code clerk and newspaper reporter, he has been a mainstay of the *New Yorker* for years.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK, publisher and business economist, is a frequent contributor to THE FORUM in the field of industrial problems.

CLIVE BELL is the well-known British writer on art and literature.

A. MERVYN DAVIES, also an Englishman, has been a resident of this country since 1925. He is the author of a biography of Warren Hastings and is working on another, the life of Lord Clive.

LIN YUTANG is on an extended visit to America, writing a book which will probably be called *A Lyrical Philosophy.*

RALPH M. PEARSON has temporarily left the New School for Social Research in New York, for a lecture tour in the West.

LLOYD FRANKENBERG, when last heard from, was living at Provincetown in a driftwood shack to "write, fetch water from the pump, and repair the roof."

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"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N.I.A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N.I.A.

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If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing — of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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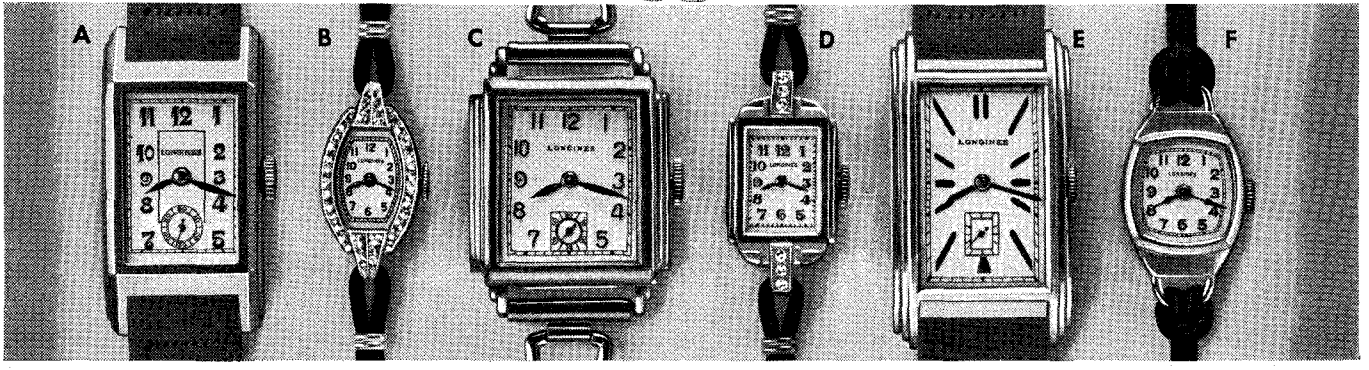

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